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By the men . . for the men in the service

The Army's New Streamlined Airborne Troops

PAGE 3

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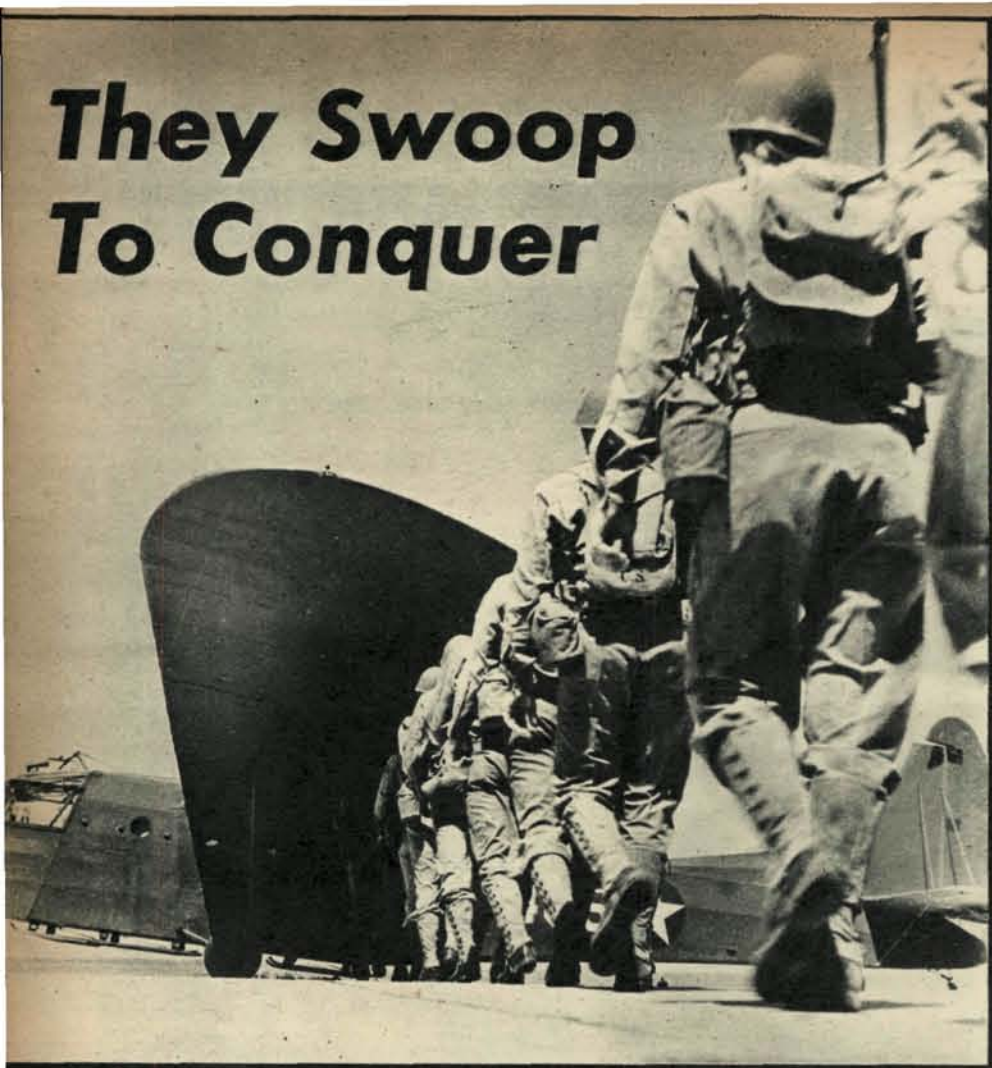
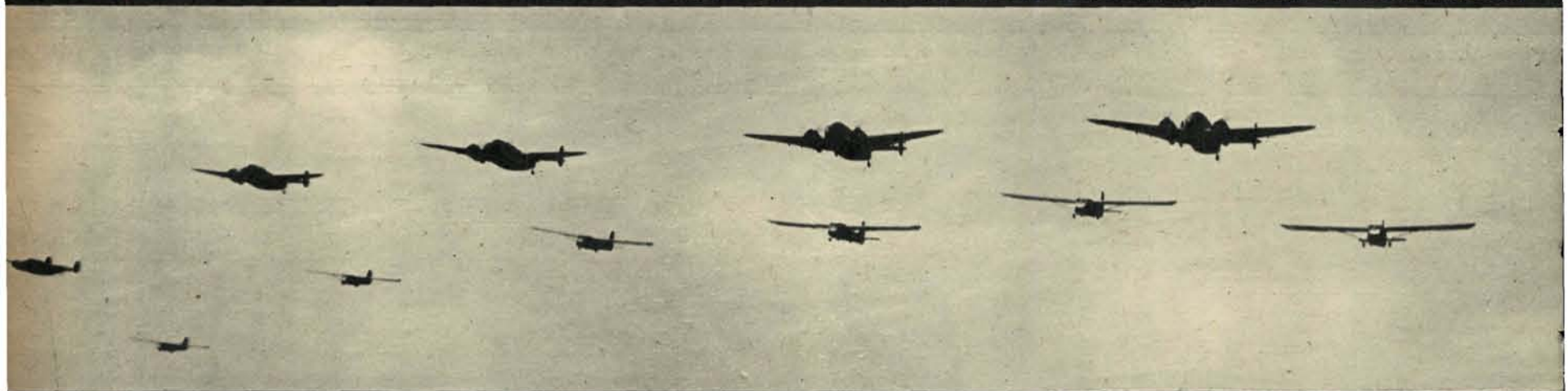
They Swoop To Conquer



1. GLIDER PILOTS AND TROOPS MARCH INTO A BIG 15-MAN CARRIER AT A BASE IN THE U. S. **2.** THE 15 ARE SEATED WITH FULL EQUIPMENT. THEY CAN LEAVE BY ONE OF FOUR DOORS.



3. THE GLIDERS ARE UP, FLYING BEHIND THE TOW BOMBERS. IN COMBAT THERE MUST BE A PROTECTING UMBRELLA OF FIGHTER PLANES, SINCE THE BIG GLIDERS ARE UNARMED.

4. NOW FLYING FREE, THE GLIDERS PEEL OFF AND SWOOP DOWN FOR A FAST LANDING. **5.** A GLIDER LANDS AND ONE OF ITS FIGHTING OCCUPANTS DROPS INTO PRONE POSITION.

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THE NEW
Airborne Brigades

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

Before the attack on Sicily, the Army's flying invasion teams were completely streamlined into smaller and faster striking units with none of the customary non-combatant clerks and administrative equipment.

ALLIANCE, NEBR.—The new American airborne troops which struck the first decisive blow in the invasion of Sicily are an army without clerks.

There isn't a single technician third grade who specializes in cutting mimeographed orders among these hard-hitting flying combat teams, which are modeled after the streamlined structure of the experimental First Airborne Brigade now training here at the Alliance Air Base. Every man is first of all a fighter. Even the supplies are handled by infantrymen with guns on their shoulders.

The airborne troops in the first wave of the Sicilian invasion had been bruised, kneaded and beaten into very tough customers in the training instituted after the Tunisian campaign. When they landed on the Italian island, hours before the principal assault, the Axis coastal defenses and airfields were jabbed silly even before we started to wind up and throw our amphibious Sunday punch.

If the airborne outfits in the Mediterranean followed the latest approved invasion methods, this is how their attack on Sicily probably developed: In the first wave came the paratroopers—tough, well-conditioned, armed to the teeth. Great clouds of C-47 transport planes roared in over the Sicilian coast, and the paratroopers spilled out into the misty darkness, landing before the enemy could get his ack-ack firing. A brief struggle on the ground—machine guns, tommy guns, knives and fists—and the enemy began to fall back. Then came the gliders — part of the first wave, too. They dropped silently onto every flat patch of terrain. Out of them poured infantry to reinforce the paratroopers, engineers to repair the airfields for the C-47s to land when they came back, chemical-warfare men to guard against possible gas attack. A few minutes later the primary objectives were won.

In the second wave the same C-47s returned, loaded to capacity with groceries, heavier equipment and ammunition. Sitting on top of the groceries were flight nurses. The nurses immediately superintended the loading of wounded into the still-emptying planes. Back went the planes again.

The third wave was a repetition of the first. The C-47s brought more paratroopers, more glider infantry and glider artillery—if on the last trip the CO indicated that artillery was needed to

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consolidate the position. The planes went back without landing.

The fourth wave was a repetition of the second. The planes returned with more groceries, more equipment and ammunition, and flight nurses for another evacuation of the wounded.

And so it went until whole brigades had been landed and were ready to move overland as regular combat units to attack the enemy coastal defenses in the rear during our landings from the sea. According to eyewitnesses, they did a superlative job, silencing one battery after another and even, in one case, fighting off an old-fashioned cavalry charge with their tommy guns. "So skillfully was their part of the general plan carried out," wrote Drew Middleton of the *New York Times*, "that without them it is doubtful if the invasion of Sicily would have opened with such success."

Paratroopers jump from transports at Fort Bragg, N. C. Landing with equipment, they're ready for action.

THE entire concept of airborne warfare has changed. In North Africa, when they tried to move an airborne division (with the same structure as an ordinary ground combat division), they found that they just didn't have room enough for the great mass of overhead and administrative men. In the new brigade set-up, all of these overhead and administrative elements have been eliminated. Only combat troops remain — paratroopers and glider infantry and a tiny interchangeable headquarters staff. Even the artillery and engineer battalions are merely *attached*, to simplify the paper work. But these specialists are always available and with the Signal Corps and QM companies, they can be called upon and rushed into action by air at any time. There are no noncombatants in the Airborne Brigade itself. Thus it is truly an army without clerks.

"Space is our most precious commodity," says Brig. Gen. Leo Donovan, commander of the First Airborne Brigade and originator of much of the current airborne theory at the Command and General Staff School. "To eliminate the old top-heavy airborne division, we had to develop a special highly mobile, highly trained striking force for action anywhere in the world. The result was this tremendously flexible organization whereby, when necessary, the commanding general can add separate battalions and regiments before and after landing, and increase his combat strength up to a full division—without the surplus baggage of noncombatant personnel."

Thus the aerial combat team was evolved. It is a first cousin of the ground combat team, which became the basis of the once-revolutionary triangular division.

New training had to accompany the reorganization. North Africa proved that our troops were not in good enough physical condition before leaving the U. S. or that they lost it soon after they arrived in the combat zone. Many men drowned, for instance, because after a few hours in the water they simply did not have the strength to pull themselves onto life rafts or rescue boats. Of a six-man squad of paratroops dumped out on a sabotage mission at Sfax, 150 miles from the American lines at Kasserine Pass, only one, 17-year-old Pvt. John Underhill, got back. He had a wonderful time, hand-grenading and shooting up Italian patrols, and wandering through the hills for 20 days. The others were captured when they collapsed of exhaustion.

"I made it," said Underhill, "because I used to run cross country."

Now the airborne outfits' training has been mercilessly tripled. They tackle rugged close-combat courses, replete with gore, sharpshooters and mines. They run at least five miles a day. And they must be able to do 50 consecutive push-ups. The old requirement was 10. Half of their training is at night now and consists of 2- or 3-day problems. The old 8-to-4:30 day is out for the duration.

Small units of airborne troops are sent out alone on mock reconnaissance and sabotage missions. They are required to get to and from their objectives as best they can. Here around Alliance this has become a great trial for the peaceful citizenry. All of a sudden, for instance, a platoon of paratroopers will show up at Chadron, 100 miles away, and proceed to "blow up" the railroad bridge, powerhouse, waterworks and telephone company with wooden blocks of TNT. To designate "destroyed" objectives, the "saboteurs" paint signs all over the place to prove they were there. This scares hell out of the populace, especially when the "demolition" takes place at night. One rancher phoned frantically for the police, insisting that a Gestapo man was hiding under his front porch. A paratrooper had playfully marked his "destroyed" barn with a swastika.

When the airborne soldiers get off duty here in Alliance, ordinary MPs are not sufficient to hold them in check. Special tommy-gun-toting CPs (chute police) have to be selected from their own ranks to patrol the town.

The extremely young officers are just as rugged. Twenty-seven-year-old Lt. Col. Jack Cornett, in charge of plans and training, has made 31 parachute jumps. Col. Edson Raff and 26-year-old Maj. Ben (Red) Pearson, both great athletes at West Point, have already topped the 60 mark. Unlike the vaunted German paratroop officers, they leave the plane first.

As one Italian colonel put it after surrendering to an airborne unit at Licata in Sicily, "How can one fight against them? They are nothing but civilized gangsters."

American Paratroopers Enjoyed Beer Party on Eve of Sicily Invasion

By SGT. JACK FOISIE
YANK Field Correspondent

AN ADVANCED AIRFIELD IN NORTH AFRICA [By Cable]—It was the evening of the big jump. The American paratroopers lounging here in the shadow of their giant transports would be landing in Sicily within the hour.

They were not talking much. Most of them were smoking. A few said a word or two about the gigantic beer party the regiment had thrown the night before as a joint celebration of the eve of battle and the regiment's first anniversary. It was a rough, tough party where the beer flowed freely and the songs obscenely. It was their final fling before one of the toughest possible missions. But none of them had looked at it that way; they considered themselves just ordinary guys doing a job.

"Hell, we're just average," said T-5 Raoul Anaya of Los Angeles, Calif. "Look at me, I used to be in the recruiting service and just fell for my own line."

These men were a cross section of the U. S., ranging from 19-year-old Pvt. Harry Rifas of New York, a former professional magician, to T-4 Charles (Pop) Bert, 54 years old, who fought in five major battles of the last war.

"I got into the outfit as a non-jumper," Pop explained, "but the Old Man is letting me make a combat jump. Just to get my wings."

For several days now the paratroopers had known what their mission was to be. But not until reveille that morning were they told "Tonight's the night."

"Thank God!" someone said from the ranks. "No more C rations."

Throughout the day the men had checked and packed their equipment. Each pocket of their jumping suits was jammed full. The high jumping boots that are the paratrooper's trademark were laced with an extra tightness.

A colonel who was to lead the combat team into action gave a last-minute briefing to the men. It was a kind of sacred huddle, this briefing. The generals and staff officers who had come to wish the mission luck stood off to one side, watching the men of the combat team with their blackened faces and the tiny American flags sewn on their sleeves.

The colonel gave his final instructions. In cool and direct words he outlined the procedure after they hit the ground. He told them the password and issued cloth maps all around.

Finally the briefing was over. The 25 men still had a few minutes before take-off time for another smoke, a little water and some small talk. There were 13 enlisted men in the leading plane. We asked them how they felt.

"I feel better than I have in a long time," said Cpl. Nicholas Kastrantas of Pittsburgh, Pa. "You see, this is taking me closer to home. I spent most of my life not far from Sicily."

Pvt. Louis Mendiata declared he had no home town, adding that "I can live anywhere in a free land. I might even want to live some day in Sicily, so I figure we better get going."

The men took a last drag on their cigarettes, tightened the chin straps under their helmets and climbed aboard. The colonel saluted the group outside and then entered the plane.

Their transport was to be piloted by Col. Jerome C. McCauley of Denton, Tex., with Capt. Albert Fasy of Rome, Ga., as co-pilot. Upon the skill of these officers depended much of the mission's success.

The transport's dual motors roared to life, and the roar was taken up all over the field by other transports filled with paratroopers.

It was dusk then. The wind still blew, whipped by the backwash of many propellers. From all the darkening corners of the field transports taxied into position.

The colonel's plane rushed and raced its engines, then throttled them for a moment and took off as gracefully as a giant bird. One by one the others rose into the night in formations of three. Fighters hovered ahead, and above them passed wave after wave of bombers.

It was a mighty armada, one of the greatest air fleets ever assembled. The sky was filled with planes as far as the eye could see. In the twilight, the red and green wing-tip lights clustered and sparkled like the lights on a Christmas tree. Then the formation swung north. The liberation of Europe had begun.

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People in Sicily Ask Americans Why They Didn't Come Sooner

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN SICILY [By Cable]—The first thing the people in this village wanted to know when the Americans arrived was when the war was going to be over.

Then they asked us why the Americans had been so long in coming to Sicily.

And, after that, they asked us for cigarettes.

By the time I arrived in this small Sicilian village on a shuttle trip with an RAF transport outfit, the first landing force of American infantrymen had already pushed past the beach heads into the fields and woods.

I could see certain signs of action in the distance as we circled the landing strip and dropped down onto one of the two right-angle runways built on a wheatfield within the last 24 hours by a GI Engineer outfit.

Tanks and half-tracks were rumbling along the roads toward what looked like a skirmish of armored forces, and I could see clouds of smoke, flashing occasionally with bursts of fire.

After we climbed out of the plane, the first American we met was Lt. Estel Draper of Knoxville, Tenn., boss of the Engineer outfit that pushed in there under heavy fire right behind the infantry, looking for a suitable spot to construct an airfield. Now the worst part of their assignment was over and the boys were comfortably bivouacked under the trees at the edge of the runways, conveniently close to a watermelon patch. They were sitting around sharing the watermelons with their new neighbors, a bunch of antiaircraft men who had their guns already set up and waiting for enemy planes to knock down.

This watermelon-eating scene seemed very peaceful. The tank battle had drifted quite far away, and we couldn't hear the noise of the guns any more. The engineers and antiaircraft men had plenty of cantaloups, too, which they had swapped for cigarettes with the Sicilians. They were all experienced hands at the business of bartering with natives, having sweated out the Tunisian campaign, and they were getting twice as much for a cigarette as they had when they first landed on foreign shores.

The present rate of exchange was one cantaloup for one cigarette, but the engineers were afraid the prices would rise when more Americans began to flow into the islands. The demand for tomatoes was also getting heavy.

Between mouthfuls of watermelon and cantaloup, the boys nibbled at C and K rations, just to make the quartermasters happy.

The atmosphere became less peaceful as we moved away from the airfield. In a jeep borrowed from Lt. Draper, a few of us took off for town. The RAF squadron leader wanted to find the hospital so he could evacuate a load of wounded to Africa in his transport planes.

The countryside showed some signs of fighting—roads torn up and wreckage scattered here and there. The Sicilian terrain was a lot like northern Tunisia without the Arabs and shoeshine boys. We passed two women carrying heavy bundles on their heads. They waved to us cheerfully. Then we saw a granary with "Duce" painted three times in big letters on its roof.

Approaching the town, we saw a lot of U. S. Army vehicles and half-tracks on the alert. Soon we ran into American soldiers on foot. All of them were wearing woolen ODs, the regulation battle dress here, and all of them were tanned and tough looking. They were packing plenty of weapons and ammunition, and they all seemed to be having a reasonably good time.

The town itself, like many Tunisian towns, was small and sunny, its three- and four-storied stucco buildings very simply constructed. We stopped in the middle of the square, looking for somebody to tell us where to find the hospital. The square was surrounded by bakeries and butcher shops. The Sicilians go big for advertising signs. There were several billboards plastered with pictures of Mussolini and the word "Duce." I also noticed one Singer Sewing Machine sign.

We finally got directions from an MP who had a rifle slung over his shoulder, a .45 hanging on his hip and a knife strapped to his leg. He had been busy talking with two of the local belles but left them temporarily to show us the route to the hospital. While he was pointing the way, a couple of townspeople came up and bummed cigarettes from us. They were very friendly and

Short-Changed

CURACAO, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES—What Curacao needs is a good 5-cent nickel.

Curacao had a good nickel; in fact it had one of the world's most unusual 5-cent pieces—a square nickel. Came the war and American servicemen never went away from this Dutch island without carrying off a couple of the four-cornered coins. Love-bitten soldiers even had bracelets made of them.

GIs took away so many of the square nickels that the good people of Curacao woke up one morning with hardly a 5-cent piece to call their own. Nowadays the change you get from larger coins is in pennies, if you get any at all. Usually the burghers plead "no pennies" and drop the whole matter.

Incidentally, there's no truth to the report that if you force a Curacao nickel into a juke box you get square-dance music.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

BEFORE. This is how Milo airfield in Sicily looked to U. S. reconnaissance planes before Yank bombers swung into action. On the field there are 122 Axis aircraft.

AND AFTER. This is how the same Milo airfield looked after the bombing. More than half of the aircraft have been destroyed and the field is useless.

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thanked us profusely in Italian when we gave them a light.

Finally we located the hospital on a road well marked with the familiar GI signs and arrows of various outfits that had moved that way recently. It was a field hospital, set up for the most part in pyramidal tents. The squadron leader went to contact the CO and I began wandering around the receiving tent, where I saw two German prisoners awaiting treatment. The hospital had quite a few enemy cases, so evidently the Germans and Italians were leaving their wounded behind, unattended in the field. These two Nazis I saw weren't more than 16 or 17 and they wore a smart-aleck expression of cockiness on their faces. I felt like putting them over my knee and spanking them.

In front of another tent, some American nurses were sitting with their mess kits in their hands, waiting for chow. They all had red noses from the sun, and some were even beginning to peel. One nice looking blond came over to ask me if I knew a correspondent friend of hers. She wanted to send him a message. The British soldiers around the hospital tents stared at me, wondering how I managed to make such apparently good time on such apparently short notice.

We all ate supper at the hospital. The medics had bought a cow from a local farmer and we had wonderful honest-to-God hamburgers, washed down with lukewarm tea.

The hospital wasn't quite ready to evacuate its wounded, so after supper we went back to our jeep. The driver was waiting for us in the front seat, surrounded by cantaloups. He was working on one of them with his infantry knife and had a half dozen more scattered around the floor of the jeep.

"You see what I mean?" he said between mouthfuls.

BACK at the airfield we ran into action. Four ME-109s had come over to see what was happening, and the antiaircraft boys cut loose at them. There was a lot of noise but no damage on either side. Two Spitfires sailed up and chased the MEs back where they belonged.

We had flown to Sicily in formation but the squadron leader issued orders for each plane to take off alone for the return trip. We carried a new passenger in our plane—an American P-40 pilot, Lt. William Feustel of Lindenhurst, Long Island, who was forced down on the field when his plane developed motor trouble.

The GIs under the trees were still eating watermelons when we left and everything again looked like Sunday in Georgia. We circled the field and headed down the coast, passing low over the road and scaring the hell out of some native truck drivers. With skill born of long experience, they flattened themselves in a nearby ditch. On the beach of one port town we saw the wreckage of several Italian planes.

In the distance we could still see through a faint haze occasional gun flashes of the tank battle.

Survivors of torpedoings get a hand-out of clothing from S/Sgt. Francis S. Johnson at Torpedo Junction.

If You Get Torpedoed, Swim Toward Trinidad

TORPEDO JUNCTION, TRINIDAD, B.W.I.—Most of the merchant seamen who are picked up after a sinking and deposited at this survivors' camp are old hands at the game of life and death these days. Many of them have been torpedoed at least once before. The 68-year-old "mayor" of Torpedo Junction has experienced seven sinkings, two in the last war and five in this one. His chief complaint is that he lost his false teeth in the excitement of the last torpedoing and was forced to go on a steady diet of mush.

When a merchant seaman loses his ship, he generally loses everything—his job, his money, even the clothing off his back. The ship's agent eventually reimburses him, but that takes time.

Catching the inhabitants of Trinidad unprepared, survivors of the early sinkings in this area were put up in hotels, clubs and even in private homes. Then the subs began hunting in wolf packs. Torpedoings and survivors became more numerous.

Though it had no actual responsibility in the problem, the U. S. Army stepped in and established Torpedo Junction as a temporary home for the victims.

The men get hospitalization if needed from the Army and Navy, hot meals, free beer and pocket money from the Port Welfare Committee, clothing from the Red Cross, advice and counsel from the War Shipping Administration Board. Until their ship's agent arranges for new berths or transportation to the States, which usually requires two weeks, they live at Torpedo Junction, a small Army camp with tents, headquarters, mess hall, kitchen and recreation building. Free to go and come as they please, they have no duties other than taking care of their tents.

Officer in charge of Torpedo Junction is Lt. John M. Nelson of Boston, Mass. S/Sgt. Irvin P. Brown of Chadbourn, N. C., dreams up the full-course menus, and S/Sgt. Francis S. Johnson of Wilmington, N. C., runs most of the activities. The other enlisted men at the camp are Cpl. Ralph A. Edwards of Crawfordville, Ind., Cpl. Eugene C. Guzman of Austin, Tex., Cpl. Alfont Girard of Uniontown, Pa., Pfc. Cecil R. Jackson of Insko, Ky., Pvt. Edward C. Whitman of Logan, W. Va., and Pvt. Wiley Chandler of High Point, N. C.

Junction citizens are of all ages, nationalities and experiences. One 21-year-old Filipino, a third mate, had gone down—and come up again—five times. Only one of the many hundreds of men who have checked in at Torpedo Junction has said he wouldn't ship out again.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Crashed Flyers Make 'Snowshoes' And Slide Over Jungle Mud to Safety

PARAMARIBO, SURINAM—GI ingenuity in improvising four pairs of "snowshoes" for use in a jungle bog saved the lives of four U. S. Army flyers forced down recently in this South American Dutch colony. All of the men reached safety after 19 days of wandering through the wilderness.

T/Sgt. Arthur Rowlen of Jones, Okla., hit upon the snowshoe idea after he sank waist-deep into the muddy savannah. Although injured, he slogged around to the other side of the plane and hacked his way into its nose to release his trapped comrades—Lt. N. B. Robeson of Corsicana, Tex.; Flight Officer S. T. Carter of Bemidji, Minn., and Cpl. W. J. Manley of Escanaba, Mich.

A half a mile of bog separated the marooned flyers from firm ground. At first they tried to cross by using their Mae West life preservers in the manner of snowshoes, but they were not long finding that this method was too clumsy.

Rowlen noticed, however, that the flat surface of the Mae Wests prevented the men from sinking into the mud, so he pulled some plywood strips 14 inches wide from the floor of the plane and hacked them into pieces about 2 feet long with a GI ax. Then holes were bored for rope bindings, and little wooden blocks were placed at the rear of the boards to prevent the feet from slipping.

It took two days to make all the snowshoes needed, but they worked perfectly. The shoes sank into the foot of surface water but stopped when they hit the mud.

Abandoning the plane on the eleventh day after their forced landing the quartet struck out across the half-mile of bog.

After four days in the jungle, living principally on chocolate bars, they reached a river. There they built a raft, which took them in three more days to a native settlement.

Still another surprise was in store for them there. Though the settlement consisted only of a few huts, a schoolhouse and a church, the native Dutch schoolmaster, Mynheer A. J. Westercappel, had a virtual Taj Mahal for his residence.

"There was a shower, really up-to-date modern attractive furniture, even rugs, and napkins and silverware on the table," Sgt. Rowlen said. "The school teacher, in fact, spoke better English than we did and gave us as good a cup of coffee as you can get in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York."

—Pvt. BERNARD FREEMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

Alaska Railroad Is So Far North Santa Claus Rides in From the South

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Standing a shift as guard on Uncle Sam's northernmost railroad is about the nearest approach, this side of being a master sergeant, to a GI vacation. It is mainly a job of chasing moose.

Perhaps the real reason the moose still persist in ambling along the wandering rails of this iron-horse right-of-way is that they really made the trail in the first place. The line threads its mountain-goat way for several hundred miles from tidewater Alaska almost up to the Canadian border, following the general route of the old dog-sled trail on a famous short cut to the Yukon.

The natives and migrating game had been using the same trail for countless centuries.

The Alaska railroad is so far north that Santa Claus comes from the south. Started shortly after the turn of the century by private capital, it was bought by the Department of the Interior a few years later, was completed and ever since then has been hauling freight and passengers and scaring hell out of the brown bears along the right-of-way.

Now these meandering ribbons of steel have suddenly become one of the most important links in Alaska's vast and complex wartime supply line. Instead of having the leisurely moving weekly train of pre-war days, the line is being worked to capacity and the crew on a recent run hardly found time to salvage the carcass of a large moose that refused to give over to the invader of his old trail.

The vital importance of the line is indicated

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by a provision in the game laws; if you live more than five miles from the rail belt you have full hunting privileges the year round to add to your food supply.

Word is going around now that with the new Alcan Highway in operation, after the war the old line is likely to give its trail back to the moose.

But the old boomers will tell you that so long as moose roam the Kenai Peninsula and miners visit Fairbanks bars on Saturday nights, "this wooden-axle sonovabitch" will still be running flying switches.

—Pfc. W. P. THEAD
and Sgt. R. P. NEU

Fast Talker Freewheels Himself Into Second Collision With Victim

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—The rain had been beating down hard for hours and there was no sign of a let-up. In a fairly dry tent, five guys lay stripped and sweating inside their mosquito bars. The talk drifted around to funny experiences back home.

Cpl. Lewis E. Brown of Aiken, S. C., told about the fast one he pulled on a fellow in Augusta, Ga., back in '38. "I ran into the back of this guy's car one night and smashed his bumper. Before he could get out to see what happened, I ran up to his car and said, 'I just hit your bumper, mister. No damage done.' So he drives away satisfied, with his rear bumper nearly dragging the ground."

Three of the GIs in the tent got a laugh out of the yarn and let it go at that. Not Sgt. Bob Ellison of Waynesboro, Ga. He wanted to hear more.

"Was the car you hit a '38 Ford?" Yes, it was, the corporal said.

"Did the accident happen on Eighth Street?" Seems like it had.

"In front of Liggett's drug store just after dark?" Brown began to see which way the wind was blowing.

"Y—yes," he admitted.

"*Corporal*," roared Ellison, "that was my car you hit. You owe me 25 bucks for a new bumper and a dented gas tank."

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Field Correspondent

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Life on a Transport Isn't Too Bad While It Lasts But It Lasts Too Long

A PORT IN IRAN—We were jammed so close together that when you wanted to move, you had to do it in unison with the guy next to you.

As always, we had no idea where we were going. The Latrine Rumor Society did a thriving business. First we were going to England, then to Australia. Once, when it started to get cold, the wise guys hinted Iceland. Three days out a kid from Jersey claimed he could recognize the Atlantic City Steel Pier in the distance.

Ours was one of the largest groups of soldiers ever to travel overseas on one transport. There were nearly twice as many as the ship had ever carried before.

Thanks to Ship's Cook Cliff Wright and Mess Sgt. Don LeBlanc, who dished up the chow, we ate well. In one meal the boys wolfed down 5,000 gallons of coffee, 22,500 hot dogs, 3,500 pounds of spuds, 2,500 pounds of beans and 900 loaves of bread.

We ate only two meals a day on ship, not because the Navy didn't like us but because there just wasn't time enough in the 24 hours to knock out that third one. It took 500 men to handle the chow.

For the first week we didn't need much entertainment. Dominoes, the galloping kind, satisfied all hands. There were so many games on deck the sailors thought we were going to take over the crap concession in Tokyo.

Nearly every night we had a sing out on the aft deck. The nurses—there were a hundred of them on board—would start and we would all join in.

Did you ever sing a love song on the fanny end of a ship on a starry night and you a few thousand miles from home? It's something you'll never forget.

There was romance aboard but not for us. Nurses are officers. All we could do was look and dream. A couple of second looeys seemed to be doing all right, but competition generally was pretty rough. The best looking nurse, a gorgeous creature, had as many passes thrown at her as a drama critic on opening night. After the second week her competition was narrowed down to two smooth operators. They took her walking around the deck, and down below we started taking bets on the eventual winner.

Besides the sings, there was a library, a boxing tournament, variety shows, and movies every night. Few of us saw the movies; there wasn't enough room. The rest of the entertainment was more accessible and came in handy.

Two bright young boys, Abe Thall and Jack Jacobson, who used to do an act in night spots around New York, dreamed up a variety show, "Meet the Soldiers." A kid named Andretti, with one of those Sinatra-Eberle voices, brought down the house.

There were fights as good as any you could see in the States. Army fisticuffers included Johnny DiPirro, Golden Gloves finalist and stable mate of Sammy Mandell; Harry (Punchy) Smithers, another ex-Golden Glover; and a rough gentleman named Koski, who has given both Sammy Angott and Jackie Wilson a taste of leather.

When we reached our destination, questions started to pop. The three most important ones were: "Is there any liquor?" "How're the women?" "Do they know how to shoot craps?"

We haven't found the answers yet.

PS—I saw that beautiful nurse on the gangplank and asked her out of curiosity: "Who won out between those two wolves?"

"Don't be silly," she froze me. "I've got a perfectly good husband at home."

—Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Field Correspondent

S/Sgt. C. A. Nastel of Detroit, Mich., and Stuka, black Scottie mascot, look out of the Flying Fortress "Memphis Belle," veteran of 25 bombing raids over occupied Europe, after she returned to the United States. One of the signatures on plane is Cpl. Steve Derry's (upper right). He's YANK's photographer in England.

Three Chinese GIs Sent to Fight Against European End of the Axis

WEST AFRICA—The Army classification system seems to be playing tricks again. This time it has put three Chinese down on the sands of Africa. All three of them, incidentally, speak their native language and would like very much to put their knowledge of China to better use.

There might be some protest at this post, however, if the Army transferred Sgt. David Woo. He's the cook here and a damned good one. A native of New York's Chinatown, he was drafted in March 1941 and became a cook by accident. The cook at Fort Riley, Kans., got sick one day, and Woo filled in. He was that good, he's still cooking.

Sgt. Henry Lum, a radio operator, comes from Little Rock, Ark., and he winds up with half the squadron's pay each month because of his proficiency with the dominoes. On the way here, he cleaned a squadron in Brazil out of $800 in two hours.

Pfc. Fook Loy Wong, third of the trio, is from San Francisco and used to be in the Regular Army with the 12th Cavalry. Born in China, he'd like to be a drill sergeant in the CBI Command. What he's doing around this base is such a secret that Wong says he doesn't know himself. He's here, anyway.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

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Negro Fighters' First Battle

It was just a routine engagement between P-40s and German planes before the invasion of Sicily but it was a historic event—the first time Americans of this race met the enemy in aerial warfare.

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

TUNISIA—It was sunny over the Mediterranean and Pantelleria looked like a small dark stone stuck in the shining blue sea 8,000 feet below the six P-40s droning along on an afternoon patrol. The fighters had been ordered to take off from their African field to sweat out an hour and some minutes of cover over the conquered Italian island, while the Allies pushed ahead with preparations for the invasion of Sicily.

Lt. G. W. Dryden of New York City was leading the flight. His squadron, in action for only three weeks, had bombed Pantelleria in the furious air push toward Italy and at other times had escorted bombers. However, aside from a little wild flak loosed by the forlorn gun crews on the island, the outfit had never known trouble.

The lieutenant scanned the wide empty sky and looked around to make sure the flight was tucked in neatly behind him. He looked at his watch and noticed that the patrol was nearly over.

Behind him the big engines filled the bright salt air with their deep steady noise. Then, through the earphones clamped on his head, over the wild and howling crackle of aircraft radios, came the voice of the air observer on Pantelleria: "Unidentified aircraft approaching the island."

Lt. Dryden wheeled and the flight wheeled behind him. They went out looking for trouble.

Behind Dryden were Lt. Leo Rayford of Washington, D. C.; Lt. Willie Ashley of Sumter, S. C.; Lt. Spann Watson of Hackensack, N. J.; Lt. S. P. Brooks of Cleveland, Ohio, and Lt. Leon Roberts of Pritchard, Ala. They settled tighter in their seats and tensed a little against the pull of the big engines, because there was a fight coming up and all their long hours of training, all the studying and all the sweat and misery of earning their wings and learning how to fight were either finally going to pay off or not pay off on this calm blue afternoon.

They went up to 12,000 feet as the still unseen planes dodged in over the sea, trying to avoid detection. Suddenly from out of the sun the Messerschmitts and the Focke-Wulfs dove. There were 12 of them, screaming down the peaceful air, and behind and above them were 12 bombers, come to lay waste the precious airfield below.

Roberts saw the planes pouncing, looking with their pale paint against the bright sky like white puffs of ack-ack. He wheeled and the rest of the flight wheeled with him, but they had been taken off balance, and it was impossible to maintain company front against the Germans, who were coming down in loose formations of two at 450 miles an hour.

THE P-40 is a comparatively slow plane and its fighting has to be defensive, because the Messerschmitt, with its superior speed, can pick the angle and time of attack. But the P-40 has one great advantage: it can make tighter turns. The flight yanked hard on their controls and turned into the German onslaught.

Dryden, after his turn, found himself far out beyond the edge of the melee, with the bombers passing sedately 5,000 feet above his head. So he roared up above them and then dove down across the tail of the formation, spraying them as he went, and continued right down into the dogfight below.

Three of the P-40s were making a lufberry, a slow, spiraling circle in which each plane protects the other's tail. From that defensive circle, like covered wagons gathered around a square against Indians on the plains, the defenders can shoot out as the enemy speeds around on the outside. Dryden shook a Focke-Wulf on his tail and snugged into the lufberry, circling, firing his guns as the Germans flicked across his sights.

Leo Rayford was having troubles of his own. Two FWs kept at him, and when he turned into one, the other would get a burst in at him. One burst hit and his right wing shuddered as a 20-mm. cannon shell exploded there. Rayford was fighting grimly, taking the long gamble against the two Germans, when Spann Watson appeared on his wing from nowhere. Watson opened up at long range. He hit the outside German, and the two planes broke away out of the fight.

At the initial turn Willie Ashley's plane had gone into a spin and he'd lost considerable altitude. When he pulled out, he started spiraling up to rejoin the others. Suddenly ahead of him he saw another plane on the loose. He edged in to investigate. It was a Focke-Wulf.

Ashley got in good and close before letting go with his entire works. He saw that his tracers were going too far in front, so he cut down on the lead until he saw the tracers hitting home. He sprayed the German from end to end, and it began a long smoking glide toward the sea.

The pilot followed the falling German plane as far as he dared, but the air behind him was still full of machine-gun fire and spitting planes. He wheeled and climbed to make sure there was no one on his tail, and when he looked down once more there was no sign of the German. Ashley climbed to rejoin his flight.

The six American planes spiraled in formidable porcupine formation, and the German fighters left off and sailed toward Italy. Meanwhile the jittery enemy bombers had jettisoned their loads into the sea, without attempting a run over the island, and were making for home.

Once again the P-40s joined company front, flying wing to wing in extended horizontal order, and resumed their patrol over Pantelleria. A few minutes later they were relieved and headed for home, flying below the formation of Spitfires coming out to carry on the daylight vigil over the island.

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Back from a mission, the men report to the intelligence officer, who asks what's been done and what's been seen.

Lt. Col. Benjamin O. Davis Jr. is CO.

Around the airfield is evidence that a little thing like a war cannot divert the native's attention to his farm.

this happy soldier is M. Sgt. Danvers.

There is nothing very new in this story. Six untried pilots from a squadron new to action meet the enemy and do rather well against him, beating off superior forces without loss to themselves and with probable loss to the enemy. They finish their patrol, alive with new confidence, and fly home to dinner. It must have happened time and again in this war to thousands of fighters. There is nothing new—except that all the pilots are Negroes and the entire squadron, flyers and ground crew, commanding officer and buck privates, are Negroes.

Over the Mediterranean, six Americans of this race for the first time in history fought for their country in an aerial battle against the enemy.

Lt. Col. Benjamin O. Davis Jr., commanding officer of the squadron, who flies with his men, was graduated from West Point in 1936. He is 30 years old, tall and wiry, and has that peculiar tenseness you find among flyers. Son of Brig. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis, now on duty in the ETO the colonel formed the squadron himself and bears the large weight of responsibility.

He has told his men that he's not interested in commanding just another squadron. He wants a crack outfit or nothing.

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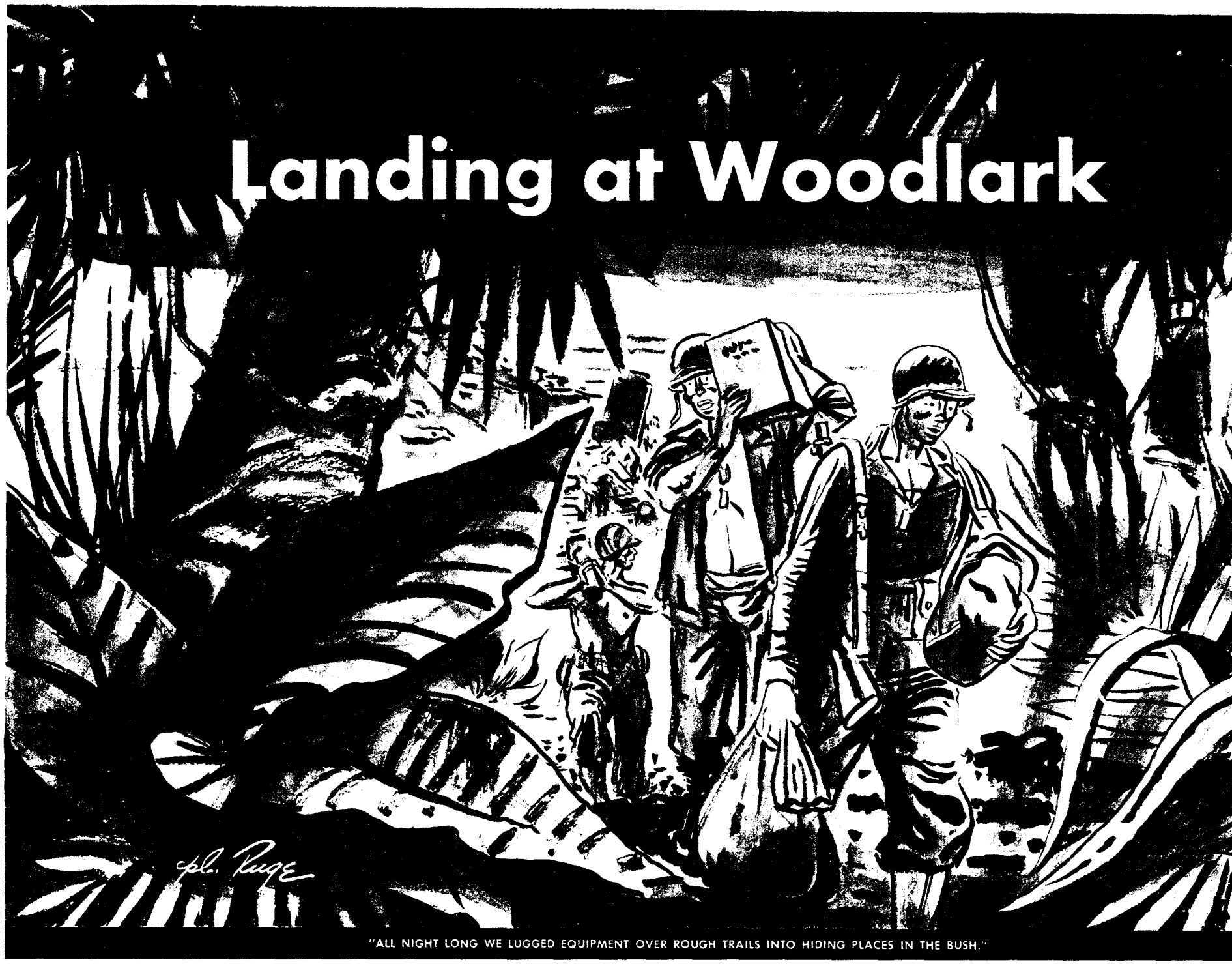
Landing at Woodlark



"ALL NIGHT LONG WE LUGGED EQUIPMENT OVER ROUGH TRAILS INTO HIDING PLACES IN THE BUSH."

When the Army staged its first amphibious invasion in the Southwest Pacific, the Japanese politely refrained from crashing the party.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH TASK FORCE OCCUPYING WOODLARK ISLAND [By Cable]—As our big landing ship cut its engines and coasted onto the palm-fringed beach, Pvt. Aldo Di Meco of Malden, Mass., remarked: "Wouldn't it be funny if there are Japs here ahead of us?"

Our ship was part of the first wave of invasion freighters in the task force ordered to grab a foothold on Woodlark Island, only about 325 miles from the powerful Jap bases on Bougainville and New Britain.

In the eerie gloom of the deck, the captain in charge of our ship edged his way to the front of the sweating soldiers. "Men," he yelled, "we go ashore in two minutes. Brace yourselves against the impact when she hits the beach."

A few minutes later the bow of our ship crunched on the beach. A shudder went through the vessel. We had landed.

Peering into the darkness ahead, we raced up on the beach, threw down our packs and rifles, and went back to lug out machine guns and other equipment.

Other soldiers came running out of the hull with more equipment of all types and shapes. As soon as they hit the beach, they were directed down trails into dispersal areas.

Those of us in the Infantry part of the task force picked up our gear and made our way through the darkness into jungle bivouac areas. All night we lugged equipment over rough trails into hiding places in the bush. We were making sure Jap planes would find no piles of equipment to bomb in the morning.

Shortly after the boats had landed, looking for all the world like giant barges, they were empty and heading out to sea. When daylight came, they would be far from shore.

As soon as they had gone, additional landing craft began to stream in, bringing more men. All night the shore line was busy with moving vehicles and marching men. At dawn the invasion had ended.

We cleared our rifles, carbines, tommy guns and machine guns of the effects of the sea voyage, while antiaircraft crews put the finishing touches of camouflage on their emplaced guns.

"Well," Di Meco admitted as we munched a breakfast of coconuts and a chocolate-ration bar, "there ain't any Japs yet, but I'll bet we get a helluva lot of fireworks on the Fourth of July."

The occupation of Woodlark Island, first seaborne invasion undertaken by Army troops in the Southwest Pacific, had been carried out in entirely bloodless fashion, without a single casualty.

This first use of the latest type of invasion craft by the U. S. Army and Navy was synchronized with simultaneous invasions of the Trobriand Islands to our west and New Georgia to our east.

It was a rough sea voyage, and despite the swell Navy chow, the mess lines were cut down considerably by seasickness.

We had our anxious moments, too, for our convoy would have made a beautiful target for Jap bombers. The warning gong clanged one morning as an observer spotted four planes high above us, mere tiny specks in the sky. Antiaircraft gunners scrambled for their stations, and we tied up our lifebelts.

"Boy," declared one ack-ack gunner as he dusted off his sights, "I've been waiting 19 months for this crack at the Japs." But when the planes circled lower, they turned out to be part of our own fighter protection.

That gunner summed up the feelings of the rest of us. If there were any Japs, we were ready for them, with as many weapons and as good equipment as any American force has ever carried down here in the Pacific.

While I write this story, sitting astride a coconut 18 hours after coming ashore, a big Texan nearby takes time out from cleaning his "six-shooter" to make an observation:

"I lak to split a gut when I found we'd only staked a claim on this here Woodlark Island," he drawls. "It mighta been Tokyo—or at least Manila. But I s'pose this here's just a jumping-off place, eh?"

In Next Week's YANK . . .

"BLOOD AND EMPTY CARTRIDGE CASES"

That's how the flight surgeon described the inside of Lt. Harry Holt's B-17 after he flew it back from Germany with 80 shrapnel holes in his back. Sgt. Jack Scott's profile of Pilot Holt appears in our next issue.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

STRICTLY G.I.

U. S. Armies

THE formation of the Seventh Army, now in action in Sicily under Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., gives us three complete armies in service overseas. The Fifth Army, commanded by Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, was organized after the North Africa invasion and was stationed near the Spanish Moroccan border. The Sixth Army, under Lt. Gen. Walter Kreuger, is now fighting Japs in the Southwest Pacific. The First, Second, Third and Fourth Armies are stationed in the U. S. The minimum strength of an army is about 75,000 men. Each army is made up of two or more corps, which in turn consist of two or more divisions each, plus supplemental troops.

Photos by V-Mail

YANK was in error a few weeks ago when announcement was made in this column concerning the transmission by V-Mail of photographs of children less than 1 year old to soldier-fathers overseas, or of children born after the father had left for overseas. The correct facts are: Photographs must be *printed* and not *pasted* on the V-mail form. They must appear in the upper left-hand corner and occupy no more than one-third of the correspondence space.

The important thing is *not* to alter the V-mail form in any way. A pasted-on picture would keep the form from going through the machine. For the same reason the form should not be treated or sensitized. YANK appreciates the printing difficulties presented by the WD regulations but can offer no suggestion. Safest thing would be to have your wife check with the post office.

Correct APO Address

Soldiers stationed overseas are asked by the Army Postal Service to make sure they give folks back home their full APO addresses. Many letters and packages have been delayed because they did not contain the soldier's unit designation along with his serial number, APO number. The APS suggests that you write a letter to your family impressing them with your full and correct address. Sample correct address:

PVT. JOE BLOW, ASN 00000000
CO. A, 45TH F.A.,
APO 200 c/o POSTMASTER,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Pipe Lines in North Africa

To help fuel Allied planes plastering the Axis in the Mediterranean, Army Engineers have laid portable pipe lines from North African harbors to interior airfields. With gas and oil supplies taking up half the tonnage of war materials these pipe lines help solve a tremendous supply problem. The pipes are made of light-weight steel in sections short enough for one man to set up, and 1,000 feet can be carried by a single truck. Some lines now in operation are over 50 miles long. Pumping stations can handle as much as 700 tons of 100-octane gas a day.

Ratings in the ASTP

Army privates who are taking the Army Specialized Training Program will be promoted to pfc. when they move up from the basic to the advanced phase of the program, says the WD. Privates who are assigned directly to the advanced phase without taking the basic will also be advanced to pfc. Men in higher grades will retain their rank and pay when assigned to the advanced phase.

Alaska Command Shoulder Patch

The WD has approved a new shoulder patch for men of the Alaska Defense Command. The design is a bear's head surmounted by a star, both inside a circle. The bear's head is white, with his features outlined in black and his lips and tongue in red. The star is golden yellow and the whole background is blue.

Shipment of Recordings Banned

The WD has banned shipment to soldiers overseas of phonograph discs which record personal messages. Several commercial companies have been promoting sales of such recordings, and as a result large numbers addressed to soldiers have been received in the mails. Transmittal of such messages to or from soldiers stationed overseas, says the WD, is prohibited by Army regulations.

"Hey, Luigi! Lasta time I see you, you was only deesa high!"

ACPF Shield

This is the new shoulder patch of the Marine Amphibious Corps of the Pacific Fleet. Its background is scarlet, the alligator head is gold and the stars are white. The stars represent the corps, and the 'gator head symbolizes the amphibious function of the ACPF. Regulations specify that the shield is to be worn on the left shoulder, 1 inch below the seam.

GI Shop Talk

AAF bomber crews are now taking along specially made-up combat lunches on flight missions that last from 8 to 12 hours. Packed in units for three men, the lunches contain food which can be eaten with little or no preparation. . . . Wacs are now being enrolled in the Army Finance School at Duke University, N. C. . . . The GI musical, "This Is the Army," will be split up into two units and sent overseas to perform for troops in combat theaters. . . . Ordnance has developed a new AA gun—a 4.7 job with a range of 60,000 feet, 20,000 feet more than any other AA gun has. . . . The QMC has a new plastic insole for jungle boots. It can be washed with soap and water, is absorbent and quick drying. It's expected to cut down foot diseases among guys in the tropics. . . . *Newsmap*, Special Service's weekly publication, will go overseas in a smaller edition.

Washington O.P.

SGT. JOE LOUIS, in Washington on furlough, had his interview with the press interrupted by a colonel who wanted his autograph. . . . Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, chief of the ASF, received a letter from an ex-GI containing $60 for a couple of blankets he had "borrowed" when he was discharged. The money will go to the Treasury "conscience fund."

Word to the wise, officers and GIs: Don't mail back Government property from overseas to friends in the U. S., even if you can circumvent mailing restrictions on the other side. Bureau of Customs and the WD no like. . . . Pictures of the Seventh Army landing on Sicily were delivered to U. S. newspapers within 76 hours after the invasion through Signal Corps Telephoto.

With parachutists having their day, the Army continued to winnow reception, replacement and basic-training centers to obtain volunteers for airborne divisions and separate parachute units. . . . COs in this country are being told that too many EMs are unable to obtain dependable info about aviation-cadet training. Regulations intend that every man who has a desire to fly and can meet the requirements be given the opportunity to qualify.

A Navy officer wearing one of those new slate-gray uniforms strode into the Pentagon Building barbershop. "Sorry," said the khaki-conscious attendant, "but we can serve only servicemen." Not until another Navy officer vouched that this was indeed the new Naval uniform did the clipping begin. . . . It's true, s'help us: We saw a major general with a seat-cane waiting in line in front of one of Washington's downtown movie houses one recent hot afternoon.

—YANK's Washington Bureau

This Week's Cover

1ST Sgt. H. M. Longworth, engineer, is being trained at Alliance, Nebr., as a member of the Army's new airborne combat team. His outfit's job is to land by glider on any enemy airfield captured by our troops and get it in shape for our own planes. See page 3 for a story on the new type of airborne units used in the invasion of Sicily.

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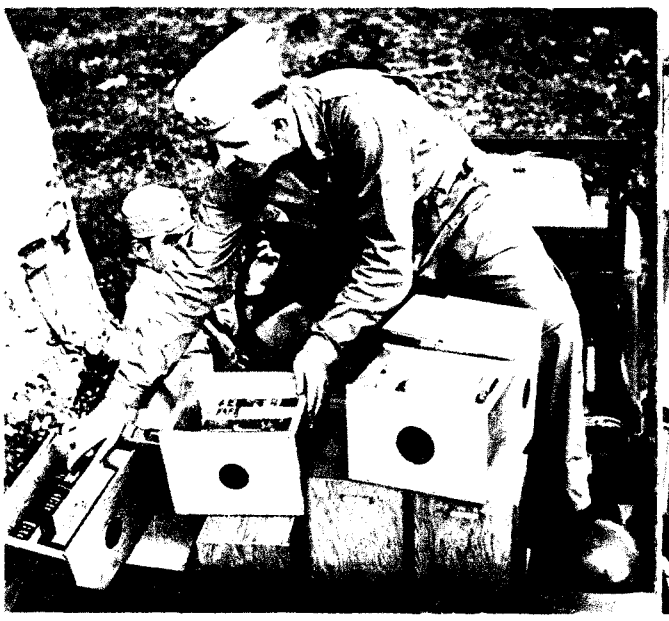
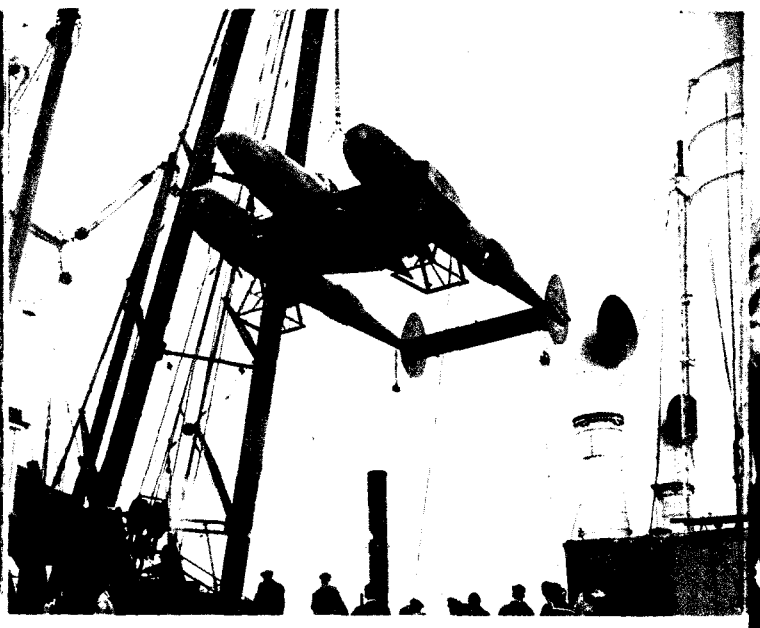


HAWAII. Portable libraries are loaded by Chaplain L. W. Halvorson. (See below.)



ENGLAND. A P-38 Lockheed Lightning is lifted from the hold of a transport. It soon saw action against Axis.

AFRICA. The mail gets through. And sometimes brings you sudden popular

MEN isolated in Hawaii's mountain outposts await Chaplain Halvorson's visits.

NEW GUINEA. The mule still has his place in warfare—enough to justify delivery in a Douglas transport

IN India, supplies go down via chutes. In Hawaii, miniature libraries go up mountains via chaplain. And in Africa, England and the Aleutians — well, look over these pages and you'll see we're delivering the goods.

EACH "library" contains from four to six books contributed by folks in the U.S.

ALEUTIANS. On this northern front, where the weather as well as the Jap is an enemy, Yanks fo a human chain to pass rifles and other equipment to the shore. These men reinforced the outfits wh job was to eliminate the Jap from Attu. It was not easy, for the foe fought fiercely. But it was do

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INDIA. Near the Burma border, U. S. outposts high in the Naga Hills are supplied with food and equipment by a flying "general store," as shown in these two photos by YANK's Sgt. Bob Ghio. Burlap-covered bamboo baskets, attached to parachutes, are shoved out of the plane in the picture above. Below, the delivery is completed as the supplies land amid troops and natives in a clearing atop a mountain.

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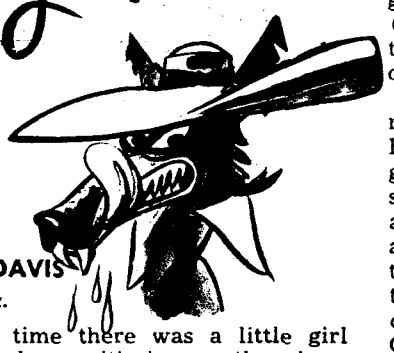
Little Red Riding Hood

a G.I. bedtime story



By S/Sgt. DON DAVIS
Luke Field, Ariz.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who lived alone with her mother in a dismal 30-room mansion in the outskirts of Los Angeles. This young girl had a red raincoat with a hood to cover her head and, since the sunshine in California comes down by the bucketsful, she often wore her raincoat and they called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning while she and her mother were having a glass of tomato juice before going to bed (they had just come in from an all-night session at a neighboring honky-tonk), her mother said, "Red Riding Hood, today I want you to take this quart of bourbon and package of marijuana cigarettes to your grandmother."

So that afternoon Red Riding Hood set out to go to her grandmother's house. She had to walk, as the local ration board only gave them an A card for the limousine, and that was just enough to back the car out of the garage, wash it and put it back again. The route she had to take brought her past the famous intersection of Hollywood and Vine. On the corner stood a brainless individual of the male species with a 1-A suit on a 4-F figure. He twirled his lengthy key chain as his fangs drooled and his eyes became saucerlike at the approach of our heroine.

As she walked by bubbling from head to hips with sex appeal, his lips puckered into a low whistle and he gave out with the all too famous "Call of the Wolf." Being a very innocent young lady, Red Riding Hood raised her nose and walked briskly by, paying little if no attention to him, but being certain to drop on the pavement a map of the city of Los Angeles with the course she would take marked in red pencil and grandmother's house labeled with a huge cross. (After all, men are scarce and one has to make the best of an opportunity, for it may only knock once.)

The wolf hailed the nearest taxicab and hurried to Granny's joint so as to be there when Red Riding Hood arrived. Arriving there, he found grandma in her silk pajamas trying to get some sleep after working the swing shift as a riveter at Lockheed Aircraft. He promptly gave her a quart of Scotch, locked her in the closet and took her place in bed. Soon Red Riding Hood tapped lightly on the door and entered. She took one look at the occupant of the bed and said, "My God, Granny, you look like hell. You'll have to stop drinking so much." Then, as she approached closer to the bed, she said: "My, what big eyes, nose and mouth you have, grandma. Don't tell me you have gone in for plastic surgery." Just then the wolf jumped out of bed and chased Red Riding Hood through the house. He couldn't catch her, however, as her dress had fast colors in it.

Luckily for our little heroine, just then the air-raid siren sounded and, since the wolf was an air-raid warden in his local area, he had to leave. Red Riding Hood was a nervous wreck and after he had gone she released Granny from the closet and they each had a straight shot to calm their nerves.

When Red Riding Hood returned home and told her mother how the wolf had followed her and chased her through the house, the mater sat open-mouthed with amazement. She promised never to send Red Riding Hood on a journey like that again.

"Hell," she said," "if that's the kind of stuff you run into, I'll go myself."

As she walked by bubbling with sex appeal, his lips puckered into a low whistle.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Cawneen

Smith

Levy

Toler

Robertson & Rogers

Baldwin

Pvt. Peter Cawneen of Cleveland, Ohio, is now an ack-ack gunner in the Aleutians. To Pfc. Jack Monreal in N. Africa, he says: "I hope you're seeing enough wine and women for both of us. I'm not." . . . **Dick T. Smith EM3c,** of Watertown, S. Dak., tells his cousin, Lt. James Smith, in Australia: "If you get back to the States look up Chuck, my pal on the Gary (Ind.) *Post Tribune.*" . . . **Pfc. Paul Levy** has been in Hawaii over two years. He tells Sonny Simon at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., and Pvt. Al Baverman in N. Africa: "I saw it happen at Pearl Harbor and fired over 200 rounds. Now it's dull here and I'd like to go further down the Pacific."

Pvt. Elmer Toler of Charleston, W. Va., now in Persia, just received word his wife had a baby daughter. He passes on the news to his brother, Pfc. James C. Toler, in the States: "Congratulations, James. You're an uncle." . . . **S/Sgt. Robert B. Robertson** (left), en route to OCS at Fort Monmouth, N. J., turns over his Guadalcanal-dampened camera to **Sgt. Myron P. Rogers.** Robertson wonders where Sgt. Doug Morrell, glider pilot, can be reached, while Rogers wants to hear from Pvt. Earl Constantine. . . . **T-5 William Baldwin,** who has been in the S. Pacific over a year, tells S/Sgt. Tony Sabatelli, "This is a good way to say hello. It's too damned hot to write."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

We all realize that someone has to stay home to carry on the war of production so that our boys over here, and in other theaters, can carry on the war in actuality. We do not begrudge them their luck in being able to remain in our beloved country, but we do begrudge them their selfish motive which causes them unwittingly to commit a crime relative to treason and excites an attitude of derision in these countries. We are workers, too, and we rebel at the thought of someone profiting in millions from a struggle in which we all share the hard knocks. But we are engaged in a game where we cannot stop to haggle about who takes bread and who gets cake.

Australia —**Pvt. MORRIS J. ROSE**

Dear YANK:

I have noticed that the American Legion is taking a specific interest in us. Whether this is to enlarge their membership, to give more force to pressure politics, to keep themselves alive as an organization, or for purely paternal or fraternal reasons we know not. But we do know we have little in common other than the sacred love and patriotism we are showing for our country. We advocate plans now for an organization of the fighting men of this war, international in scope, including all members of the Allied nations.

—**Sgt. DONALD A. O'HARRA**
S/Sgt. ALBERT E. TWILDAHL
Army Air Base, Clovis, N. Mex. **Sgt. STANLEY W. RODGERS**

Dear YANK:

Just a word in hearty agreement with Pfc. Tom Mulroy in his letter [in a July issue of YANK]. We want a veterans' organization which will militantly act for social equality and fair treatment of all the countries of the world. Rather than cash bonuses and special treatment we want the real bonus of knowing that neither we nor our kids must do this all over again.

Stinson Field, Tex. —**Pfc. J. EVERETT HOLMES**

Dear YANK:

A letter signed by Sgt. Andrew Markway was published in a July issue of YANK. [Note: The letter complained about kitchen conditions at Truax Field.—Ed.] An investigation shows that since the activation of this post no soldier of that name or a similar name has ever been stationed here. The statements contained in this letter are false.

—**Col. O. I. ROGERS, AC**
Truax Field, Wis. **Commanding**

Dear YANK:

Not long ago a very fine suggestion appeared in YANK saying that GIs with more than 12 months' service on foreign soil be given the opportunity to transfer back to the United States provided a suitable volunteer replacement could be found. I have a suggestion which YANK might put a little pressure on if it appears practical. There are many men in the States who have had three, four and even five years' service. Now, if a pool could be formed, composed of men willing to serve overseas, wouldn't it be possible to make these replacements with strict emphasis being placed on seniority of overseas GIs wanting to come back?

Fort Brady, Mich. —**Pvt. WM. BASSETT**

Dear YANK:

Some individuals say because I am part Jap that I will not be allowed to go into combat. It's a fine feeling, knowing that some people think I would take sides with the enemy that keeps dwindling my friends and shooting hell out of them. Then there are times when we have to tell the trainees to do things as though we were speaking from combat experience when the closest we have been to combat is the corner movie. And we have to sit and watch all the bastards bucking for CDDs while men who are convalescing from wounds are afraid they will be discharged and won't be able to get back in action with their outfits.

Camp Wolters, Tex. —**Sgt. T. HACHIYA**

Dear YANK:

I have noticed with interest the Sad Sack-for-Pfc. Committee. I am heartily in favor of it. After all there is only one Sack, and what the hell has Greengroin got that the Sack ain't? Outside of the stripe, I mean. And besides, Greengroin most probably browned for it. I will go even further. I have had a single stripe for a long time. And since I can't add anything to the damned thing I will gladly give it to the Sack. If you can arrange things with my CO it's a deal.

AAF, Salina, Kans. —**Pfc. (Senior Grade) PETE YAMBREK**

Dear YANK:

Sometime ago while in North Africa I read an article in YANK about a dog which was the mascot of an outfit based there and which was supposed to be the most widely traveled mascot in the Army. Here are a few facts about the mascot of the 513th Bomber Squadron. Our pet was a monkey named Jig Jig which we got from the Bengal jungles of India. During her travels with us she visited Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Cyprus, Palestine, Egypt, Eritrea, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria, French Morocco and several other countries. She has had more than 300 hours in the air. She could tell the sound of a Jerry bomber from our own planes even better than we could and very often set off the air-raid alarm by squealing and chattering before the listening devices picked up the sound of the invaders. I am not trying to claim any distinction for our mascot, but I'm wondering if anyone knows of another that has covered more ground or has been in more countries. Her former master is now a prisoner of war, and he left her with me before he was shot down. I hated very much to leave her in North Africa and if any GI knows her whereabouts I would greatly appreciate a letter from him. I would also pay an ample reward to anyone who could get her to the States.

Army Air Base, Pyote, Tex. —**S/Sgt. JOHN T. PITTARD**

Dear YANK:

I read in *Company Street* [in a July issue of YANK] that one Pvt. George Harris of Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., claims to be the shortest GI in the Army. Pfc. Hubert (Shorty) Overall of Westover Field, Mass., is also 4 feet 11. We know how he got in. After being refused seven times he appealed to his Congressman and received a waiver. His daily shave standing on an overturned pail is a source of amusement to his pals.

Fort Devens, Mass. —**Cpl. DICK MOONEY**

Dear YANK:

. . . Here at Fort Wadsworth we have two soldiers shorter than Pvt. George Harris. They are Pvt. Alfred Domine and Pvt. Philip Feldman, both 4 feet 10½ inches. The Wadsworth soldiers would like to know how they were accepted for Army service.

Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. —**Pvt. PHILIP FELDMAN**

Dear YANK:

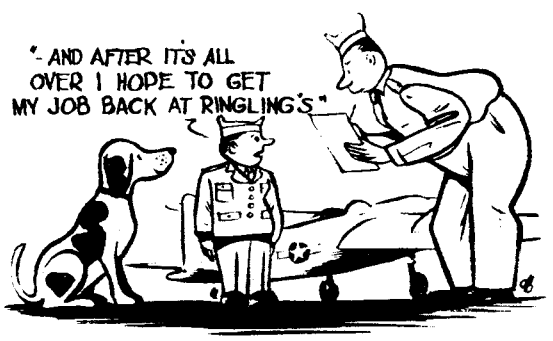
. . . I would like to inform you that I am shorter than Pvt. George Harris. I am 4 feet 9 inches tall.

Fort Tilden, N. Y. —**Pfc. VITO MASTROSERIO**

Dear YANK:

Being as how I am only 4 feet 9 inches tall, in every camp where I have been there has been quite a little discussion about me. . . . I am 29 years of age, married and come from Kingston, N. Y. I am assistant radio operator and gunner on a B-24.

Davis Monthan Field, Ariz. —**S/Sgt. LARRY LEVINE**



MESSAGE CENTER

B. Pfc. LOUIS BRANDT wants M/Sgt. *Frank Urbane,* AAF, to write him at Btry. A, 286th CA Bn. Ry., Fort John Custis, Va. . . . Pvt. CONRAD J. BROWN would like members of the *144th Inf. National Guard, Tex.,* to write him at Btry. D, 51st FA, Camp Roberts, Calif.

C. 2d Lt. VIOLET M. COOPER, Sta. Hosp., Camp Patrick Henry, Va., wants to hear from 2d Lts. *Helen Baker* and *Margaret Bowman.* . . . 1st Sgt. PETER L. CERIMELI wants *Bernie Shapiro,* who was stationed at Fort McClellan, Ala., to write him at Co. D, 754th MP Bn., Camp Placer, Calif. . . . Cpl. RITA COURNOYER, Co. 8, 23d Regt., 3d WAC Tng. Cen., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., wants the address of Cpl. *Billy Barry* whom she met in North Adams, Mass.

D. RICHARD DAVIS, who took his basic training at Camp Wolters, Tex., should write *Pvt. John Lawrence,* Co. A, Nobile Hall, University of Santa Clara, Calif. . . . Sgt. JAMES R. DYKES, 2d Pl., Co. B, 30th Engr., Fort Belvoir, Va., wants to hear from friends in the *894th TD Bn.* and *20th Engrs.* . . . Will JOE DONAHUE, who was in Tennessee, write to Sgt. *Foster Farnell,* 3d TT Sq., Camp Davis, N. C.?

E. HAROLD EDDY, who was stationed at Camp Gruber, Okla., should write Pvt. *C. Sullivan,* 964th Gd. Sq., Robbins Field, Ga. . . . Will HENRY A. EMERSON in the 87th Engrs. write to his brother-in-law, Pvt. *Dewey L. Johnson,* Co. C, 355th Inf., Camp Carson, Colo.?

F. Sgt. ABE FARBER of Tacoma, Wash., now in Africa, should write Pvt. *Roy Slotnick,* 216th MP Co., Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Pfc. RICHARD FUHRMAN wants *Leo Polnaszek* of Minneapolis, Minn., to write him at Hq. Co., 2d Bn., 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Pvt. RAYMOND FERROCO wants S/Sgt. *George Harrell,* who was stationed at Camp Beauregard, La., to write him at 92d SEFTS, Craig Field, Ala.

G. Will HENRY H. GWYN, West Indies, write to *Roy W. White,* Hq. Btry., 4th Bn., 6th CA, Fort Barry, Calif.? . . . 2d Lt. IRVING GROPPER, Hq. AFIS, 234 N. Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis., wants news from friends in the *104th QM, NG, Washington, D. C.*

H. A/C GLENN HALLIBURTON wants *Douglas, Shultz* and *McGregor,* who were at Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark., to write him at 2000 Maple St., North Little Rock, Ark. . . . Sgt. RAY D. HAUPIN, Co. I, 507th Pcht. Inf., AAB, Alliance, Neb., wants to hear from S/Sgt. *Weldon Williams,* somewhere in Australia. . . . Pvt. GEORGE C. HAWKINS wants his two cousins, *Dave* and *Dallas Hawkins,* to write him at Sq. 5, Bks. 69, MAD, NAS, Jacksonville, Fla. . . . Lt. I. HERZOG, 463d AAA (AW) Bn. (Mob.), Camp Haan, Calif., wants news from Lt. *Clint Gardner* and Sgt. *Irv Schulman,* overseas; Col. *Wallace,* N. Atlantic; S/Sgt. *Barney Steinberg,* Panama.

L. Pvt. GUS LEONTEOS wants news from his cousin, *Pete G. Aruanitakis,* in the Navy. Leonteos' address: Co. K, 309th Inf., Camp Butner, N. C. . . . Sgt. PETE M. LEYVAS wants his cousin, Pvt. *Manuel D. Figuerova,* Australia, to write him at Hq. Btry., 181st FA, East Garrison, Camp Roberts, Calif. . . . Capt. T. L. D. LYNXWILER, AAAORP, Fort Eustis, Va., wants to make contact with Cpl. *Kellogg,* who transferred from the Canadian to the U.S. Army one year ago.

M. Sgt. WILLIAM K. MARLES wants *Harold Titus,* India, to write him at 379th Ft. Sq., Westover Field, Mass. . . . Pvt. OTTO MASTROVITIO, Hq. Btry. 11 CA., Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y., wants to hear from *Milford Zornes,* who has gone overseas to make pictorial records of the war for the Army. . . . 2d Lt. RANSOM MARTIN wants *Milton L. Hymo,* his old submarine shipmate, to write him at PO Box 211, AAFBS, Midland, Tex. . . . Sgt. B. R. MASONHEIMER wants Pvt. *John M. Cowen,* who took his basic training at Fort Eustis, Va., to write him at Prov. Sq. E, AAB, Salt Lake City, Utah.

P. Cpl. TOMMY PARFREY, Ward 18, Sta. Hosp., Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., wants to know Sgt. *Larry Meinburg's* present address now that he has left Santa Ana, Calif. . . . Pvt. M. J. PECKHAM wants *Milton Heckler* of Brooklyn, N. Y., to write him at Ward C-18, Hammond Gen. Hosp., Modesto, Calif.

R. Pfc. HERBERT L. ROBINSON would like *Graham Thomas,* who went to school with him in Florida, to write him at Co. D, 273d QM Serv. Bn., Camp Phillips, Kans. . . . Pvt. NATHANIEL H. ROTH, Hq. Jacksonville AAF, Jacksonville, Fla., lost touch with Pvts *Ben Gripaldi* and *Lou Endelmand* when he left California. . . . Pvt. DALE REA, 669th Eng. (Top) Co. Camp Claiborne, La., wants to get in touch with Cpl. *Mike E. Taylor.* . . . T/Sgt. A. V. RODRIGUEZ, 343d Ft. Sq., McChord Field, Wash., wants to hear from 1st Lt. *Don E. Lando* and Sgt. *Napoleon Guarnero* . . . Pfc. JOE V. RUIZ JR., 113th Rcn. Sq. (Bomb), AAB Alamo Field, Tex., wants to hear from S/Sgt. *Jose S. Perez,* Caribbean.

S. Pvt. GERALD SETTERLUND wants his brother, Lt *Robert L. Setterlund,* who was at Fort Dix, N. J. five months ago, to write him at Btry. C, 168 FA Bn. East Garrison, Camp Roberts, Calif. . . . S/Sgt. WILLIAM B. SHEA, 1137th Sch. Sq., Camp Luna, N. Mex. wants to hear from friends with whom he soldiered at *Fort Hoyle, Md.,* and especially those of the *6th FA, Bty. F.* . . . S/Sgt. LAWRENCE H. SHIPP wants Cpl. *Valestra* to write him at Base Hosp., Med. Det. AAB, Pyote, Tex.

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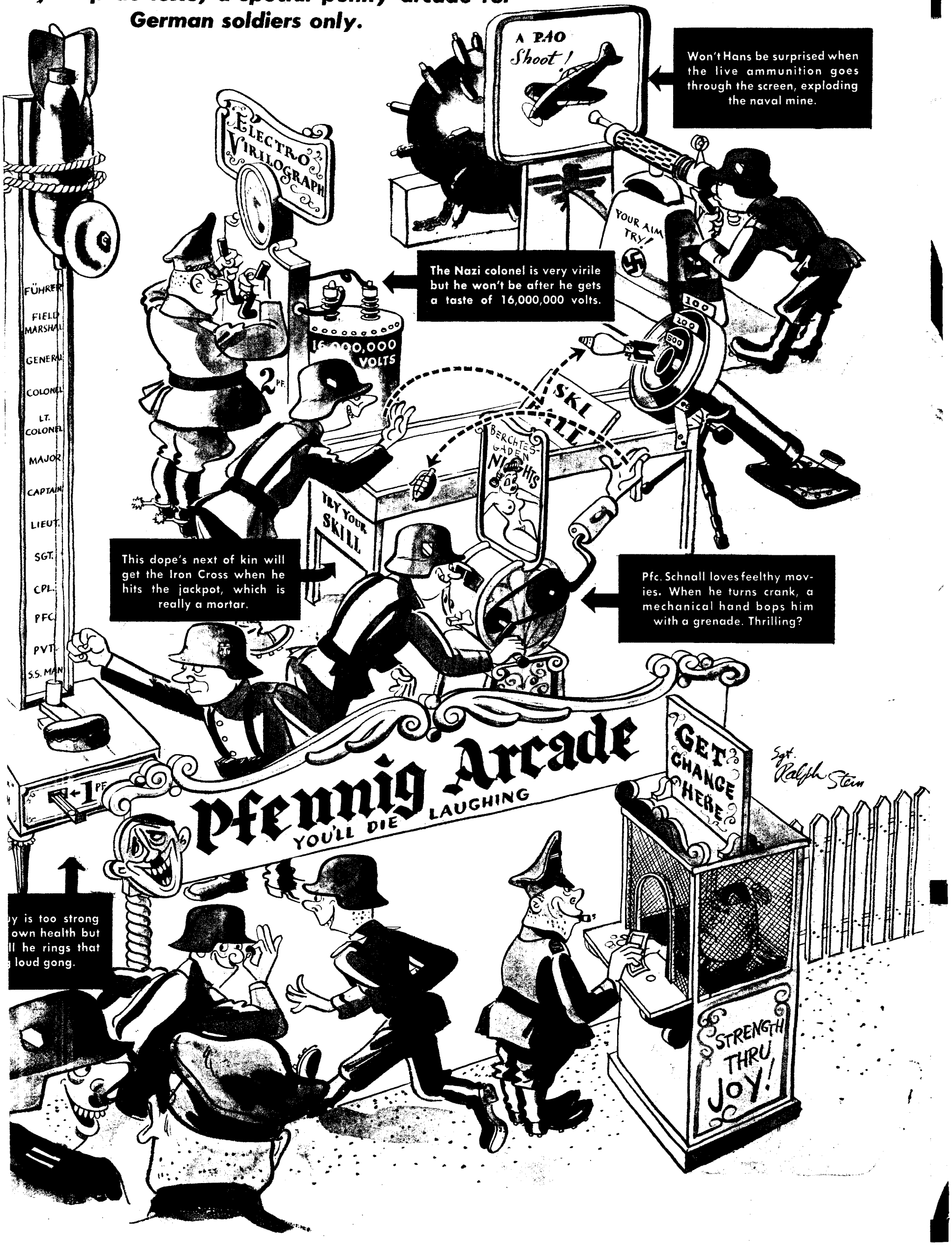
on't get frightened. This is Sgt. Ralph Stein's booby trap de luxe, a special penny arcade for German soldiers only.



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MacArthur's Offensive In the Pacific

THE Pacific is too vast, the Japs are too secure. For the time being just hold them, some of the strategists said. But Gen. MacArthur wasn't listening. Even as the Allies were completing final preparations for a smashing assault on Sicily, foothold to Europe, there came a sharp, staggering blast against Jap outer defenses and strategic isles, stretching from Salamaua to the Solomons.

It was dawn of June 30, 10 days before the assault on Sicily. Bombers and fighters winging out of the night, Allied warships belching flame from heavy guns. American troops in yellow-green scrambling over coral beaches—all signaled a bloody end to the long lull in the South Pacific war. U. S. Infantry, Marine and Naval units, and joint American and Australian air forces lashed out across the 750-mile arc from the Solomons to New Guinea in the great Allied offensive in the Pacific. From a crude, thatch-covered hut close to the front in New Guinea, Gen. MacArthur directed his attack against the enemy; the impact was hard and sure, and the Jap was caught flat-footed.

The sudden offensive, cutting another couple of rungs from the "ladder of islands" reaching to Tokyo, opened with savage, simultaneous drives against three main objectives:

1. Nassau Bay, New Guinea. Army Mitchell bombers hammered enemy bases at Lae and Salamaua; 10 miles south of Salamaua, Yanks landed on the beach at Nassau Bay against weak resistance. They plunged through thick woods to join Australian jungle troops stationed near Mubo, 10 miles southwest of Salamaua. Other Aussies attacked Jap defense posts in the Bobdubi area, 4 miles southwest of Salamaua and in the Markhan River area close to Lae, while still others pushed through the Malolo area directly west of Salamaua, killing Japs or driving them back.

Bitter jungle clashes continued for days; Salamaua and Lae are important links in the chain of outer Jap defenses, and the Japs are reported to have 30,000 to 40,000 men to hold them. But our landing on the beach was swiftly consolidated, and Allied troops cleared Japs from the sector south of the Bitoi River delta. On the eighth day Allied planes blasted heavily at enemy positions in the Mubo area. In 45 minutes 106 tons of bombs were dropped with quick results: Aussie jungle fighters advanced and seized Observation Hill close to Salamaua. Mubo was cleared of Japs. Allied air attacks intensified. The Japs were fighting hard, but they were moving back slowly.

2. Tobriand and Woodlark Islands. Small stubby boats packed with invasion troops pushed out from Papua and crossed 100 miles of rough seas to the northwest tip of the Trobriands and to Woodlark. P-38 Lightnings covered the sky; destroyers and motor torpedo boats searched the night for enemy ships. Lt. Comdr. John D. Bulkeley, whose PT boat took Gen. MacArthur out of Corregidor, watched for Japs. There were none, and without hitch or incident, with excellently coordinated action between land, sea and air forces. Trobriand and Woodlark were taken.

3. New Georgia. Concentrating a particularly daring offensive against the strong enemy base at Munda, the Yanks hit hard. In the hour of misty dawn destroyers quickly hove to, landed troops on the out-islands of Bau, Ane and Kikirana to guard the entrance to northern Rendova, 5 miles across water from Munda. Dozens of small landing boats, hidden in the spray of a choppy sea, bobbed in to shore with the main invasion forces. Eight destroyers cut swiftly through the dark waters, protecting the troops from Jap guns on Munda. But the Yanks were quick; the landing had actually begun before the enemy shore guns opened fire. The coup was complete. In two hours the Yanks started shelling Munda with their own shore batteries on Rendova. By 3:15 P. M. every man and every piece of equipment was on the beach.

The Japs woke up. Dun-colored Mitsubishis and Zeros and Aichi dive bombers roared down in great waves—and stayed down. In the first air attacks the Japs lost 101 planes against only 17 Allied craft. The losses jolted the Nips. Only recently they had lost 94 fighters against six of ours over Guadalcanal. The Japs sent up obsolete planes in futile attempts to stay the invasion.

Fighting savagely, Yanks captured Viru Harbor, about 35 miles south of Munda, and soon after seized Vangunu, south of New Georgia. They started a trek northward through the jungles to outflank Munda, while at sea and from the air Allies shelled the garrisons at Munda and Vila on Kolombangara. On the fourth day a light Jap task force was routed by Allied warships; battle was joined again on the night of the sixth day when American warships, intercepting Jap attempts to reinforce beleaguered Munda, smashed the entire enemy force. At least 9 Jap cruisers and destroyers—perhaps 11—sank in the waters of the Kula Gulf. In yet a third naval battle the Japs lost at least four more ships.

The way was clear for more Yank landings on Munda's flank. Soldiers in "jungle zoot suits" landed at Zanana, 6 miles east of Munda Airdrome, and at Rice Anchorage, 12 miles north of Munda. The Yanks closed in quickly on Jap forces, narrowed the distance to Munda to 1 mile.

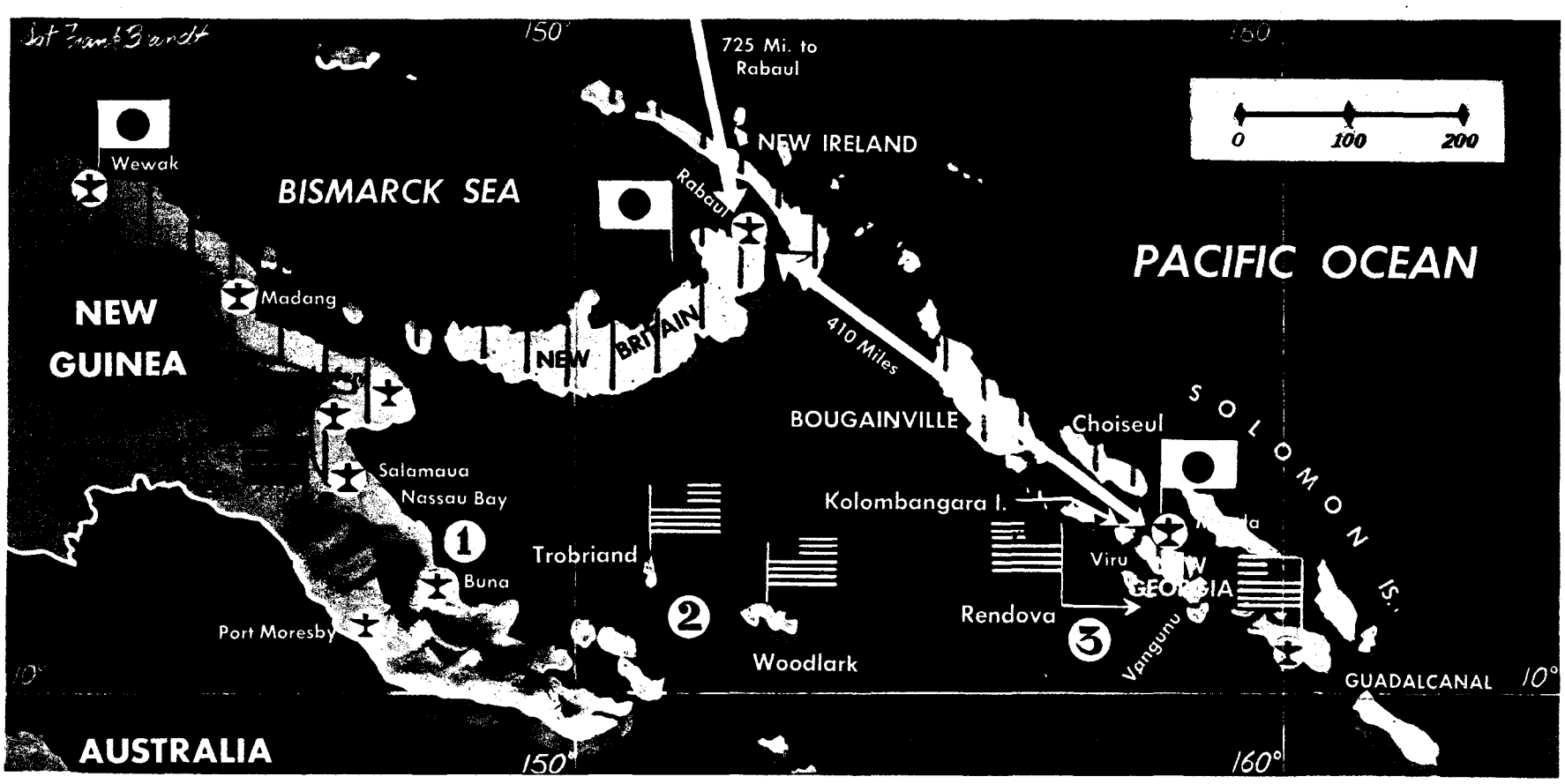
For several months this Japanese "Malta" had undergone 150 air raids. Three attempts by the Japanese Navy to reinforce the garrison had collapsed disastrously. In an all-out offensive to seize the Jap garrison, the Allies were pounding it steadily from the air and from ships at sea. Heavy artillery based on Rendova and the small atolls offshore was sending endless streams of shells across the 5-mile stretch of water. Allied jungle fighters were pressing hard from flank positions. Munda was ready to fall.

The Allied attack was the greatest effort yet made to seize Jap-held islands in the Pacific. Its initial success already assured dividends. Trobriand and Woodlark have good ground for airdromes and good anchorage for ships. Trobriand provides a base from which to bomb enemy positions in New Britain. The seizure of Munda on New Georgia cuts off a strategically vital enemy base, gives the Allies a long step in the direction of Rabaul, a vital point in the Jap defense system in the South Pacific. The seizure of Salamaua, and later Lae, will enable the Allies to launch an invasion against New Britain. Then Rabaul could be subjected to a three-pronged offensive aimed from New Guinea, the Trobriands and Woodlark and New Georgia, through Vellalavella and Bougainville. The presence of the biggest bulk of American Naval forces in the Pacific insures our continued control at sea, even if the Japanese choose to contest the invasion again.

A LOOK at recent history and a glance at the map will, it is true, produce some sobering conclusions. In New Guinea, biggest island in the world with the exception of Australia, it took 6 weeks of tough fighting to secure Buna for the Allies. That was on Jan. 5. It was 6 months before we were prepared to invade Salamaua, only 150 miles from Buna. The Japs are strongly entrenched in Salamaua and Lae, and it may be weeks — perhaps months — before they can be ousted. After that, there are the additional strong Jap bases at Finschhafen and Madang, only a few miles farther along the coast, and Wewak, toughest of any in New Guinea. Before the offensive, Allied casualties in New Guinea totaled more than 10,500 against 38,000 Japs; the Nip gives nothing, and the Yanks and Aussies will have to fight savagely and probably long to get Salamaua, Lae, Madang and, particularly, Wewak. It might not, however, prove necessary to capture Wewak before attempting an invasion of Rabaul, ultimate goal of present operations.

On the other end of the 750-mile arc, the Yanks may have to attack and seize Choiseul and the Bougainvilles before attempting to invade New Britain. Rabaul is 410 miles from Rendova, and Truk, the real cornerstone of all Jap Pacific operations, is another 725 miles from Rabaul. Officially we are not committed to an island-by-island march to Tokyo. But the Allies are, after all, fighting only on the fringe of the Japs' outer defenses. We have seized merely the lowest rungs on the long ladder to Tokyo.

But we *have* seized them. At almost the very moment we marched on Sicily we also began our greatest Pacific offensive. The 100,000 to 200,000 Japs on New Guinea, New Georgia and nearby islands will make the road to Rabaul, to Truk, to Tokyo, a long and bloody one. But today the initiative in the Pacific, as in Europe, belongs to the Allies.



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CAMP NEWS

British GIs Visit Davis

Camp Davis, N. C.—The AAA school here is host to the 17 officers and 329 enlisted men of the Special British Battery of Royal Artillery, who are making a coast-to-coast tour of U. S. Army posts on invitation of the War Department. The Tommies arrived at Davis July 11 for a two-month stay, during which they were to demonstrate British methods of training, drill and tactics. They are organized into three sections with standard British ack-ack equipment.

The battery is composed of veterans picked from all parts of the British Isles. Most of them have fought the *Luftwaffe* from the early days of the blitzes over England and some have seen service in the Middle East, Malta and India. This is the first and longest stop on the battery's itinerary. From here it will visit other AAA camps in this country, escorted by a special detachment of American troops.

"Speak for Yourself, John"

Camp White, Oreg.—Every soldier remembers, of course, what happened on a certain winter day in 1622 when Capt. Miles Standish sent Pvt. John Alden with a message to a dame called Priscilla. Well, the other day at the public relations office here, Pvt. Alan Blanchard, 9th generation, descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, met S/Sgt. Miles Standish, 10th generation descendant of the late captain.

"I told him," Sgt. Standish is alleged to have said later, "that we'll get along fine as long as he doesn't ask me if he can deliver any messages to my girl. One sucker in the family is enough."

The Senator Came Through

Camp Peary, Va.—Max Greenwald Y2/c and two Seabee pals were on liberty in Washington. Came bedtime, and not a flop to be had. Then Greenwald called up Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado. The problem was explained.

"Get in a cab and come on up," said Johnson.

At the senator's home, beds were shuffled until all the Seabees were comfortable. Senator Johnson slept in the kitchen.

Fare Enough for the Private

Fort Ord, Calif.—Pvt. Numzie A. Kakone, low on cash and winding up a furlough in Los Angeles, was stopped by the conductor when he tried to board a train back to camp. The train, explained the conductor, was a super-deluxe special, and regular furlough tickets were no good on it. Then Kakone pointed out that he'd be AWOL if he didn't hop this train. But the conductor said it was no go without a special ticket. So Kakone stepped back and screamed, "This man is sabotaging me!" In a few minutes a crowd gathered around, listened to his story, pressed bills into his hand and shoved him on the train. He wound up 35 bucks ahead.

What's Your Hurry?

Municipal Airport, Oakland, Calif.—The following notice appeared on the bulletin board in the 329th Fighter Squadron orderly room: "Two pairs of GI shoes have been turned over to the guards at the gate by two strange females. They claim the shoes belong to two members of this squadron. The shoes can be had by coming to the orderly room and claiming them."

Here is what the 701st (TE) Flying Training Squadron at Blytheville, Ark., calls the best looking first sergeant in the armed forces. He's 1st Sgt. William L. Huffhines. Any more nominations to come in?

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort McClellan, Ala.—Cpl. Stephen Ciber of the 14th Battalion here is rated the meanest guy in the outfit. When a bunch of rookies went out on maneuvers bivouac recently, Ciber warned them about the deadly rattlesnakes that infested the neighborhood. Then he stayed up most of the first night slipping snaky rubber hoses under their blankets and laughing like hell when the yardbirds woke up screaming.

Camp Livingston, La.—The family of Pvt. Vincent Caricchio knows Vincent. When he ran short recently and wrote home for reinforcements, the money came accompanied by this advice: "Change your bones."

Turner Field, Ga.—About a year ago Sgt. Raymond Griffith, a crew chief here, received a letter from his aunt in Los Angeles, suggesting that he write to a certain girl there. He did, and she answered him. The correspondence grew in warmth until 11 months later it was "Dear Sweetheart" and "Your Darling." But they still hadn't seen each other, so when Griffith got a furlough last month he went to Los Angeles to see what his pen-sweetheart looked like. When he got off the train she was waiting for him, and all the sergeant needed was one good look. Three hours later they were married.

Camp Pickett, Va.—Cpl. Robert Engle lives with his wife outside the camp, and it's dark when he leaves in the morning. When he arrived at the barracks one day he found his company stripped for physical inspection, so he stripped, too. It was only then that he discovered he was wearing a pair of his wife's unmentionables. They were pink, a shade lighter than Engle's face.

Rapid City Air Base, S. Dak.—PX waitress to long-waiting Sgt. Allen McClelland: "What would you like to have?"

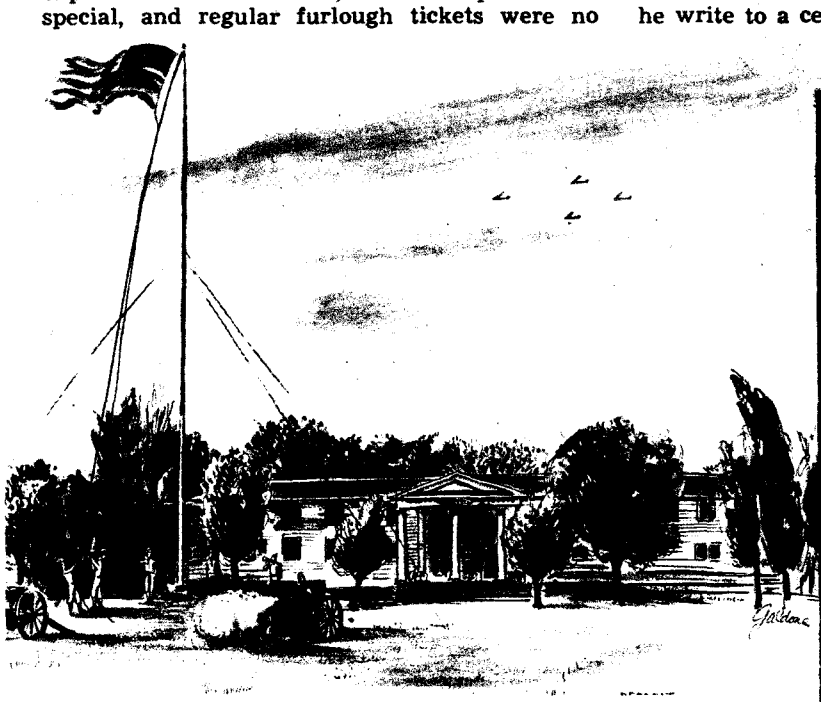
Sgt. McClelland to long-awaited PX waitress: "Yesterday's breakfast."

Fort Bragg, N. C.—A rookie from the Tennessee hills came up to Pvt. Jack Griffin one night in the company day room and asked him how to spell "Colorado." Griffin told him. A few minutes later the rookie came back and asked him: "Are we in North or South Colorado?"

HERE ARE THE WACS DEPT.

Shortly after the first group of Wacs arrived at **Blackland** (Tex.) **Army Air Field** recently, a post dance was given in their honor. The next day this announcement appeared on the post bulletin boards: "Starting immediately, dancing classes will be held for male soldiers." . . . Wacs at **Fort Sheridan**, Ill., are taught by T-5 Pauline Bode to crochet little booties for their dog tags. . . . Sgt. Ronnie Lambert, **Hammond** (Calif.) **General Hospital**, was issued a shirt with a built-in brassiere. The QM thought he was a Wac. He isn't. . . . A bunch of Wacs from **Fort Oglethorpe**, Ga., were visiting Lovers Leap on Lookout Mountain when a B-25 from **Lovell Field**, Ga., circled over the girls. A note dropped from the plane. "Hello girls and fellow soldiers," it read. "Come to the airport tonight. Good time guaranteed for all." Five minutes later another B-25 appeared, and another note. "Fellow soldiers," it said, "pay no attention to the other B-25. We were here first." Our report didn't say which crew won or whether the Wacs showed up. . . . Khaki, the mongrel pup mascot of Wacs at **Fort Bliss**, Okla., has been taught to bite anyone wearing pants. The other day Aux. Edna White stepped out in a pair of slacks. Before she knew what hit her, Khaki had bitten off a chunk of the pants and a piece of Edna, too. From now on Aux. White wears skirts.

YANK wants interesting news items, features and photographs from military personnel, Camp PROs and Special Service Offices. Send all material to YANK, Camp Features, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



RETREAT, FLAGLER HALL, FORT BELVOIR, VA. —Sgt. Paul Galdone

HIGH RANKER. This executive-looking lady is Aux. Wanda Taylor, training as assistant sergeant major at Camp Campbell, Ky.

TOOTH ARTIST. At the central dental laboratory, Fort McPherson, Ga., Sgt. Glenn Ferguson works overtime setting GI teeth.

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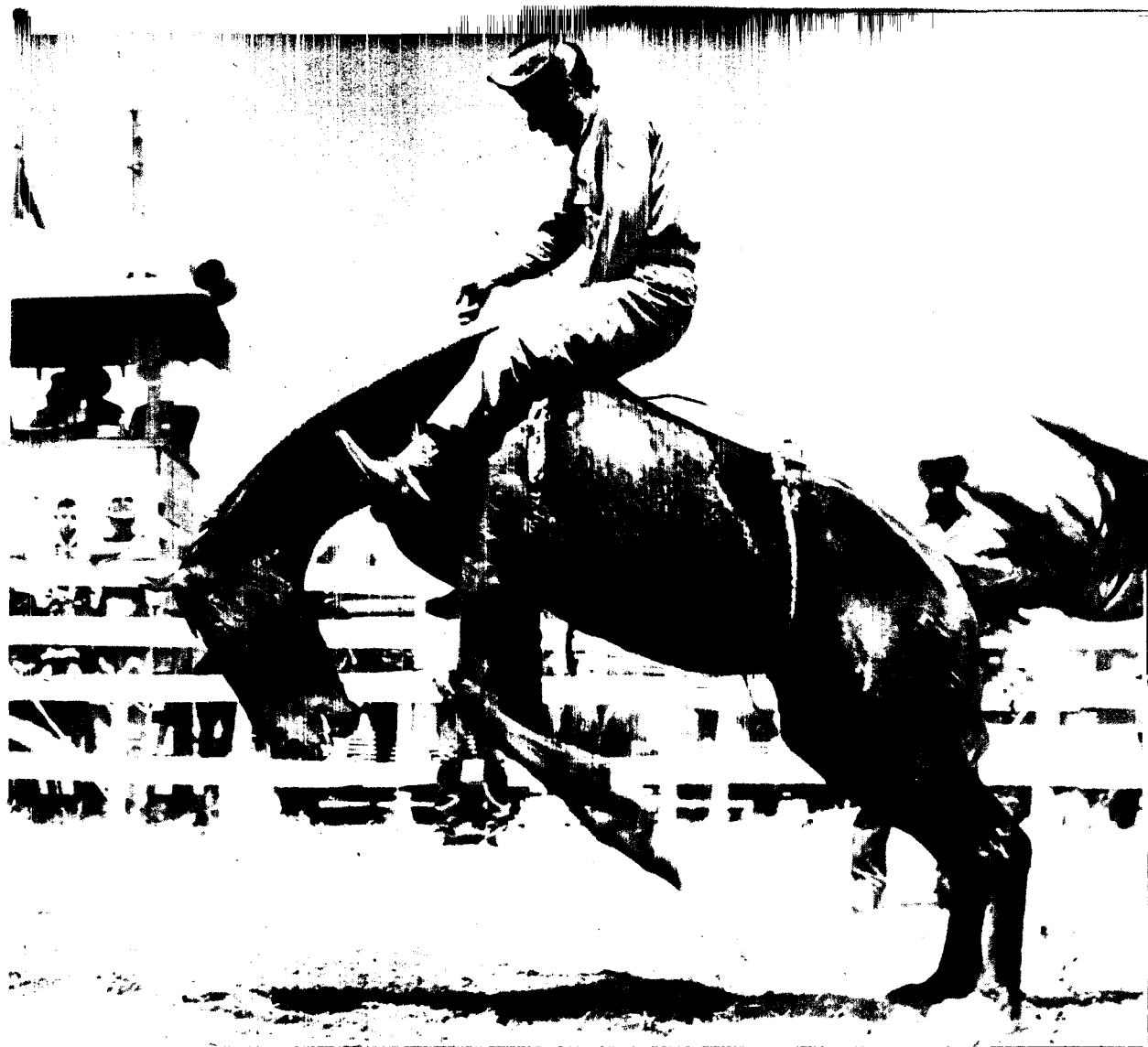
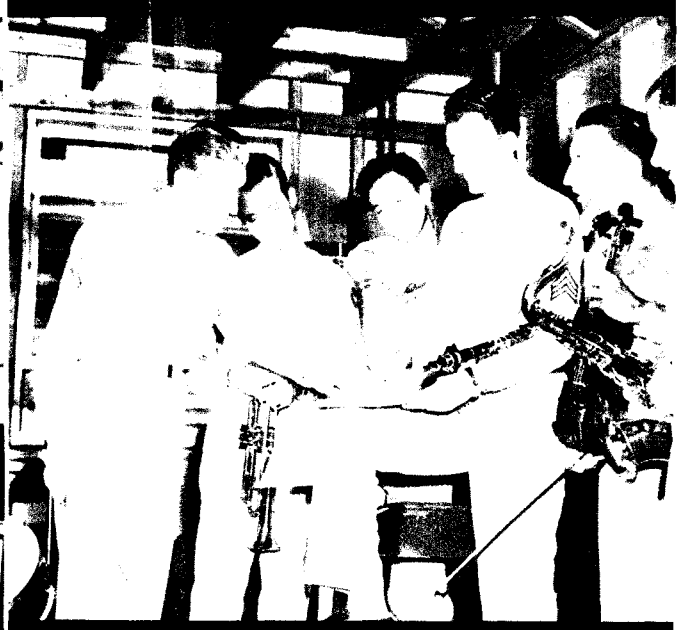


RIDING HIGH. Balanced precariously on the end of a long horse's neck is Pfc. Keller J. Hopkins, bronc buster from Faith, S. Dak. Stationed at Fort Sill, Okla., he rode the bronc at a Fourth of July rodeo nearby.

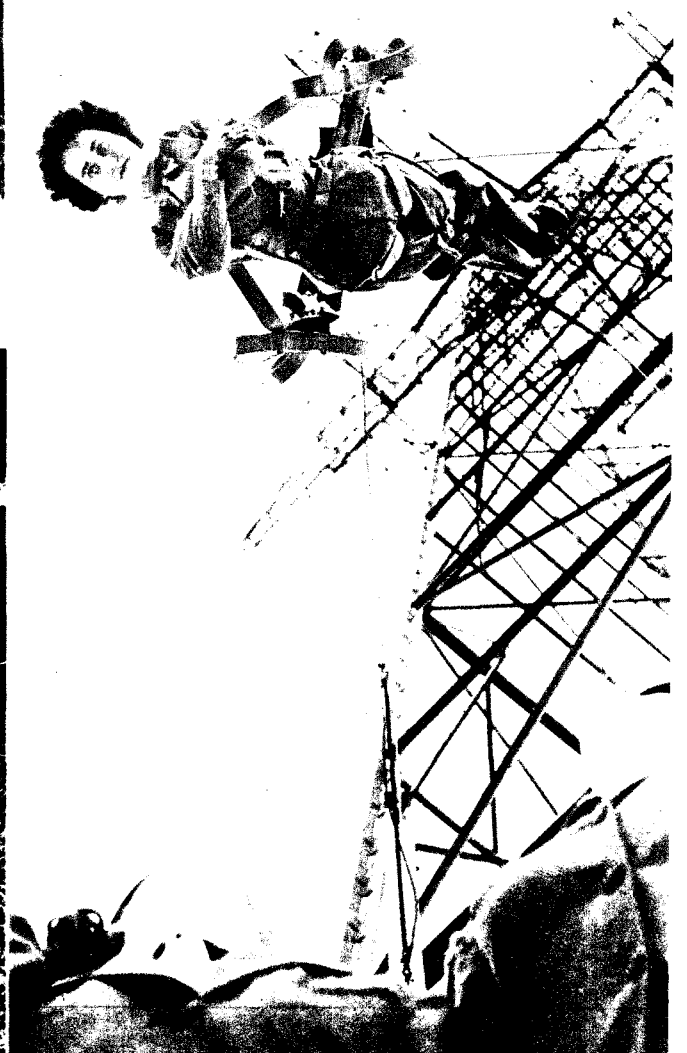
CREW MEMBER. A baby fawn found on 95th Infantry Division maneuvers became the mascot of Co. H, 379th Infantry, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.



JIVE SECTION. The Morris Field Band at Charlotte, N. C. knows the score. L. to R.: Cpl. Holmes, Cpl. Stevenson, Pfc. Howitt, Sgt. Hicks, Pvt. Berko and Sgt. Lupo.

FOR HEROISM. Sgt. Hannibal Moore and Pvt. Henry Jackson get Soldier's Medals for heroic conduct on Third Army maneuvers in Louisiana.

GRAVE MEN. These imaginary dead are to remind trainees at Central Signal Corps RTC, Camp Crowder, Mo., never to forget what they learn.



COMING DOWN. That's Cpl. Elinore Bertrand, woman marine, not trapped in mid-air at Coney Island but taking a male jump during Paramarine training at New River, N. C.

THE INSEPARABLES. Presidential order assured Cpls. Harold and Carl Brown twins they'd be kept together. CO at Geiger Field, Wash., confirms it.

WIRE HAZARD. For Pvt. Albert D. Eckman there may be trouble ahead. He crawls to barbed wire during 78th Division maneuvers, Fort Jackson, S. C.

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HOLLYWOOD. When 20th Century-Fox sought permission to make a picture dramatizing his life, Eddie Rickenbacker requested that the official song of the 94th Squadron in the first World War be featured. That's why "If I Had My Way I'd Live Among the Gypsies" will be sung in the film. . . . Ten years ago 12 beautiful girls arrived in Hollywood to play in Eddie Cantor's "Roman Scandals," but Lucille Ball is the only one of them who remains on the scene today. . . . Melvyn Douglas, the former screen star, whose real name is Joseph Kesselburg, may hold the Army record for rapid advancement. Inducted last December, he was a pfc. until a special order from the War Department commissioned him as a captain. . . . Canada Lee, the former club fighter who made such a hit on the stage as Bigger Thomas in "Native Son," has been given the role of the Negro who jumps overboard to save the Nazi submarine captain in "Lifeboat," the Alfred Hitchcock picture in which all the action takes place in a 26-foot boat. . . . John Murray Anderson, who staged Billy Rose's Aquacade at the N. Y. World's Fair, will produce the water ballet numbers in "Mr. Co-Ed," the Technicolor film starring Red Skelton and Esther Williams. . . . MGM portrays the story of the Harvey chain of restaurants, famous railroad-station mess halls, in "The Harvey Girls," the adventures of five girl waitresses.

Lucille Ball

COAST TO COAST. With Boris Karloff starring, "Arsenic and Old Lace" begins its third season on the road at the National Theater in Washington Aug. 23. . . . Constance Bennett is touring the Atlantic Coast summer circuit in the Philip Barry play, "Without Love." . . . Max Koenigsberg, former manager of the St. Louis Municipal Opera, made an auspicious debut as manager of the new Starlight Operetta Company in Dallas, Tex. His first production, Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," set a new attendance record for that kind of entertainment in the Texas city when 27,967 turned out for a one-week run. . . . Billy Rose is toying with the idea of sending out a "Diamond Horseshoe Revue" on a tour of the camps under the auspices of the USO.

Boris Karloff

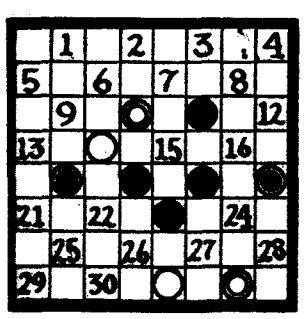
BAND BEAT. A new ballroom has opened in Baltimore, Md., called the Stage Door Casino. Dick Rogers' orchestra, featuring Bea Wain as the singer, opened the spot, and Will Osborne is slated for a later date. . . . Clyde Lucas is set for a month's stay at the Magnolia Roof Gardens at the Claridge in Memphis and will be followed by Bill Bardo. . . . Eddie Oliver has increased his band to 19 pieces to replace Russ Morgan at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago.

CHECKER STRATEGY

ORDINARILY when a guy is two pieces down in a checker game, he might as well resign and spare himself further punishment.

Not so here. Though White is two checkers behind, Black will lose. That is, if White can find the right combination of forced winning moves. Can you?

Number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown. Then you'll be able to check your analysis with the answer on page 22.



Ava Gardner

Some people prefer the mountains to the seashore, but after seeing this peach on a beach we will trade four brand new mountains for any shore line you have on hand. Ava, who used to be Mrs. Mickey Rooney, isn't any more, so you may make your inspection without qualms. Her next is MGM's "Hitler's Madmen."

ON THE ROAD TO [CENSORED]

With apologies to Kipling's "Road to Mandalay."

By the lazy South Atlantic
Lapping languid at the beach,
There's a nut-brown gal a-settin',
And she's not a Georgia peach.
The wind is in her tresses,
And the love within her eye
She would not trade for all the world—
No other lad than I.

At the famous Bar of Wonder
Just above the river scene.
That's where she made her living.
As a naughty strip-tease queen.
She is not exactly luscious
As a Georgia peach would be,
She is short and there are bulges.
But she certainly isn't "green."

I met her there one afternoon
Around the hour of 3;
She came around to say hello
And sit upon my knee.
From there—well, things got out of hand:
'Twas love, indeed, at sight,
Dear Lord, please give me back my strength
To just forget that night.

On the hilltop, in the palm trees.
In a South Atlantic breeze.
I ask her to forgive me
And let me please be free;
For yonder waters call me
To my home beyond the sea—
I can't be stayed by naughty dames
Who sit upon men's knees.

—Pfc. RICHARD BROOKSHIRE

Brazil

LADIES, ETC.

Ladies ethereal
Are not WAC material.

Ladies who the asphalt tread
Would much prefer to lie abed.

Ladies who are bookish
Are not always good-lookish.

Ladies whose eyes say "Come hither"
Get many GIs in a dither.

Ladies over 40
Are not generally sporty.

Ladies with bars on their shoulders
Are sometimes built like boulders.

Ladies who drink whisky
Are apt to be frisky.

Ladies on the make
Are easy to take.

Not all spies
Have mascaraed eyes.

A homely maid or a fatherly gent
May have a strong pro-Axis bent.

After the war, a general
May find his commission ephemeral.

I would like to see the private journal
Of some Tahiti-stationed colonel.

—Pfc. C. G. CAPPON

Truax Field, Wis.

MEMO TO A MEAT PACKER

Oh, stop to think while on your way
To rake in GI cash,
That soldiers up Alaska way
Get awful tired of hash.

I've eaten lots of funny things
For breakfast, lunch and dinner.
But never thought I'd fill my gut
With last year's Derby winner.

Do you eat all the steaks yourself,
Or are you really slipping,
That you must send us frozen swill
And second-handed dripping?

You have us where you want us now,
In spite of our digestion.
We have to eat the stuff you sell,
But let me ask one question:

Just what would happen to your dough
If the GI proletarian,
When he gets back, should in revenge
Go all-out vegetarian?

So think of that before you pack
More hash for ocean crossage;
Try sending us some real chow,
And less Vienna sausage.

—Pvt. RAYMOND E. LEE

Somewhere in Alaska

MOTOR TRANSPORT SERVICE, IRAN, 1943

Walled cities sleep along the trading road,
The golden road that time has turned to steel.
Khaki and olive-drab in tractors wheel
Where caravans once eased their precious load.

It was frankincense and gold and fruits of Tartary
And fair-skinned women for the Khan's amusement
That went these ways when Polo was a boy.
Camels and horses, patient little donkeys,
All plodded by, laden with priceless wealth.
Between the towns they slept beside the road
In spreading tents with carven ivory poles,
Shielded from wind and sun by latticed screens
Adorned with dragons, flowers and painted birds.

Now dusty trucks with strange outlandish names
Like Studebaker, International,
Reel past, trailers a-swing, loaded with cans
And motor parts and ugly metal shapes.
But this is war beyond these merchants' knowledge,
Putting the conquests of their Khans in shadow.
This war needs sinews, guts of steel and carbon
For those men northward who patrol the skies
And ravaged earth in men-remote machines.

Dust and exhaust fumes mingle, part, reveal
The convoy rolling past the frightened sheep,
While by the road great crumbling cities sleep
And dream of gold that time has turned to steel.

—Cpl. JOEY SIMS

Iran

WELL, finally the sergeant found him. He was sitting alone at a table in McGinty's Bar. Before him were two five-ounce glasses and a spoon.

"Hey!" shouted the sergeant. "Whadya think you're doin'? Y'realize you been AWOL for the last six hours?"

"Sh!" said Pvt. Gruvie mysteriously. "Experiment. Watch!"

The sarge drew closer. He saw that one glass was half full of gin, the other half full of rye.

Gruvie took a spoonful of gin from the gin glass and poured it into the rye glass. Then he took a spoonful of this gin-and-rye mixture and poured it into the gin glass.

"Now," said Gruvie. "This is what puzzles me. Do I have more gin in the rye glass, or more rye in the gin glass?"

"You'll have plenty of time to figure that out in the guardhouse," said the sergeant, as he marched him off.

Now then, can *you* help Pvt. Gruvie with the right answer to his problem? If not, you'll find it on page 22.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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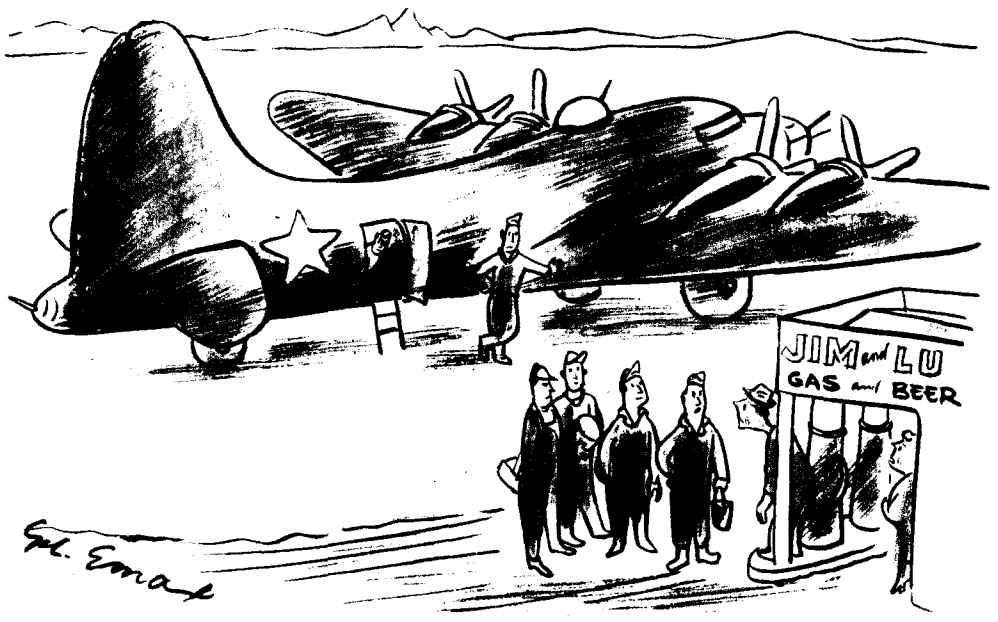

—Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

"We need a little gas—about 2,000 gallons."

INVENTORY

There are girls who are pretty,
And those who have sex;
Then there are girls who are smart,
And those called PX.

It was one of the latter
Who caused me my woe,
With treatment that's usually
Reserved for the foe.

She sold me some cigarettes,
And I made a date
To wine her and dine her
That evening at 8.

I bought her a hamburger
And plied her with beer,
Then whispered my sentiments
In her willing ear.

With my arms closed about her
In love's soft embrace,
I knew this was the right time
And this was the place.

Not till then did she tell me
Her failing glory:
She was a gal who was closed
For inventory.

—Cpl. JAMES J. KELLY

Herbert Smart Airport, Ga.

OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

Latrinograms

"HAVE you heard the latest? The whole outfit is going to be shipped to the Hootchie Kootchie Islands for guard duty."

At this remark everyone in the latrine turned to the speaker. That is, everyone except the four guys who fell off their stools.

"You're bumping your gums, bub," asserted a T-7. "I happen to know that we are all getting transferred to the camouflage unit. The top kick told the CO in my presence that we looked like a bunch of goats and he was going to put us where we belong."

"Both of you have been sadly misinformed," put in a staff sergeant as he started lathering his face briskly with his tooth paste. "I have it from a very reliable source that we are to invade Germany soon, as Rangers. We're going to be trained in wearing our uniforms backwards so the enemy won't know whether we're coming or going. The trouble with you guys is, you listen to too many rumors."

"If you jerks don't shut your yaps and fall out," said a sweet voice from the doorway, "there isn't going to be any doubt what you'll be doing for the next six months. The whistle that just blew was not the mail man. Now *fall out.*"

"Now I believe everything I heard about him getting kicked out of the 207th up at Camp Whatsis last July for slugging little rabbits," said the T-7.

"So do I," replied a line corporal, buffing his shoes with some other guy's towel. "Only he wasn't kicked out, he was transferred, and it wasn't the 207th at Camp Whatsis, it was the 392d at Fort Blooie—last December, not July. He didn't slug any little rabbits; he short-sheeted the general. And, if I remember correctly, it wasn't him; it was Cpl. Casey."

"Hey, fellows," shouted a newly arrived yardbird. "Guess what. I just got some inside dope. Next week we're all going to —."

—Pfc. DICK WALDEN

Camp Adair, Oreg.

"Would You Care to Buy a Peace Bond?"

A CLASS of officer candidates is taking its final examination in Map Reading. The instructor, a second lieutenant, is seated at the front of the room. He is reading a few late maps. Whenever he comes to an amusing passage he chuckles to himself.

One of the officer candidates, a man named Sexsmith, has a glass eye. He has cupped one hand over his good eye and has gone fast asleep, maintaining at the same time a steady stare at the instructor. The expression of Sexsmith's glass eye is one of mingled admiration and respect.

There is a loud knock at the door. Everyone looks at his neighbor in stunned surprise. Sexsmith wakes up. Finally the instructor recovers his presence of mind.

INSTRUCTOR: Come in. [*The door opens and a private first class enters. He is clad only in a service gas mask, and his stripe is tattooed on his arm.*]

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS: The war is over! You can all go home now. Please file out at once because we have to clean up around here. [*He stoops down, tests for gas and departs. Everyone sits in depressed silence, digesting the momentous news. Candidate Sexsmith's glass eye takes on a look of quiet desperation.*]

CANDIDATE ANDERSTORY: God, if this is true I may not get my commission. And after going through 11 weeks of this stuff.

CANDIDATE JOHNSLIP: Do you fellows realize what this means? Peace. Peace possibly lasting for years. The world as we know it is finished, done for!

CANDIDATE SEXSMITH: Maybe America can stay out of it. After all, why should we get mixed up in Europe's troubles?

INSTRUCTOR: Don't let that alarmist propaganda bother you, men. Get back to your map-reading exams. Note the contours of that hill in the northwest grid zone? Cute, aren't they?

CANDIDATE NORTHRIMP: But sir, don't you hear the whistles blowing? The old carefree wartime days are over. We've all got to buckle down now. It will be hard, of course, uprooting everything. But it's our duty. Hang it, fellows, I'm going to apply for a discharge at once. I'm not going to wait for them to muster *me* out. Won't father be proud, though!"

CANDIDATE MORTONLOOP [*sobbing*]: Oh, but I can't give everything up. I'm young yet, just turned 22, and I had such plans. After I washed out of here, I was going to Cooks and Bakers School.

INSTRUCTOR: Let's not be hasty, gentlemen. All this is probably just a rumor. Take it from me, the world isn't ready for peace. It learned its lesson in 1918. Hitler wouldn't dare—.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS [*re-entering*]: Will you please clear out of here and go home. Why aren't you out of uniform? Your country needs you. Would you care to buy a Peace Bond? [*He methodically sets fire to the building. The candidates file slowly out, muttering. "Those dirty Jap quitters!" The instructor tears his maps into confetti and tosses them into the advancing flames, snarling a savage "Whoopee!"*]

—O/C RAY DUNCAN

Camp Davis, N. C.

WARNING

If you're contemplating
Conventional mating,
Be wise and rehearse
"I do" in reverse.

—Pvt. JOHN L. LARGE JR.

Fort Riley, Kans.

—Sgt. Howard P. Sparber, Army Air Base, Miami Beach, Fla.

"Trim, please."

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

LIKKER UP!

Both the same. If our bewildered private would spend less time with the glasses and more time with a pencil and pad of paper, he'd find that out. If you're not convinced, a little arithmetic ought to prove it to you.

CHECKER STRATEGY

White pitches 31 to 26. Black jumps 23 to 30. . . . White king moves 10 to 15. Black king jumps 17 to 10. . . . White king takes 10 to 24. Black king jumps 20 to 27. . . . White king jumps 32 to 23 to 14 to 7 to 16. The remaining Black checker gets trapped in four moves. *White wins.*

Blockbuster Winners

After checking Blockbuster entries for the contest of June 25 (*Aerographical*) and weeding out proper names, prefixes and words not found in "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary," we came up with these winners, with the following scores: Cpl. Simon Spero, Gowen Field, Idaho (327); Cpl. L. E. Boyle, Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. (313); Cpl. Melvin Peacock, Moore Field, Tex. (301); Cpl. I. Silver, Camp Rucker, Ala. (295); Pfc. Walter Marksohn, Camp Livingston, La. (288), and A/C Earl J. Vince, San Antonio (Tex.) ACC (282).

Congratulations to Cpl. Spero. This is the second time you've won a puzzle contest. If you want another Puzzle Kit, let us know. Or, if you like, we'll ship it to some friend of yours in the service. Send his address to the Puzzle Editor.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2—Army Air Forces. 3—Cpl. Schnall. 4 & 5—AAF. 6—Signal Corps. 7—INP. 8 & 9—Sgt. Pete Paris. 12—Upper left, center left and lower left, Sgt. John Bushemi; upper center and upper right, Signal Corps; others, Acme. 13—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 18—Upper center, Blytheville (Ark.) Air Field; lower center, Signal Corps-PRO, Camp Campbell, Ky.; lower right, Signal Corps. 19—Upper left, Signal Corps-PRO, Fort Sill, Okla.; upper right, Signal Corps, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; center left, Signal Corps; center row center, Signal Corps-PRO, Camp Crowder, Mo.; center right, PRO, Morris Field, N. C.; lower left, AAF-PRO, Geiger Field, Wash.; lower center, Signal Corps-PRO, XII Corps; lower right, USMC. 20—MGM. 21—Upper, RKO Radio; lower, Universal. 23—U. S. Navy.

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SPORTS: THE GREAT LAKES BALL TEAM HAS MAJOR LEAGUE LINE-UP

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

All of Lt. Cochrane's boys are experts in Navy work. Catcher George Dickey is an antiaircraft instructor.

GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, ILL.—Two months ago this GI gazette started beating the drums for an All-Army baseball team. At that time we proposed that the soldiers be thrown into competition with the major leagues in a series of War Bond games. Now, we are offering, with no increase in prices, an even better idea, which is respectfully submitted to the proper authorities. Why not match an All-Army team against a Navy nine and divvy up the gate receipts between the Army and Navy Relief Societies?

If such a game ever came to pass the Navy wouldn't have to worry about assembling an All-Star team. They could reach out here to the Ninth Naval District and grab the powerful Great Lakes Training Station ball club intact. There's a saying around Great Lakes that you can throw a baseball anywhere on the station and at least two big leaguers will try to catch it. That's not stretching a point for effect, either. There are no fewer than 13 former major-league stars on the Great Lakes team and even the coach, Lt. Mickey Cochrane, is a former big-league skipper.

Lt. Cochrane is the first one to tell you that he has a crackerjack team. He believes it's far better than last year's service champions and fully capable of beating the pants off any Army All-Star team or the rival Norfolk Naval Station aggregation.

"Why, the last time we played the Cubs, Jimmy Wilson told me that we could win the National League pennant," Cochrane says triumphantly. "That is, of course, if we played in the National League. Personally, I'm an American League man. I've played in the American all my life, and I wouldn't want to end up in a minor league now."

At the last reading of the standings, the Great Lakes Bluejackets had lost only 10 games during a 33-game stretch against the majors, minors, semi-pros and service teams. And in 10 starts against big-league opposition they have won four times. For all we know this might be the best record a service baseball team has ever compiled.

Olsen Has Stopped the Cubs Twice

Take a look at the Great Lakes pitching record, for instance. Vern Olsen, the former Cub pitcher, has won seven while losing only one. Two of those victories were against his old chums, the Cubs, and that one defeat came at the hands of the Yankees. Bob Harris from the Athletics has won five and dropped two, beating the Cubs and losing to the Browns. Frank Biscan from the Browns has won four, all against minor-league and service competition. Johnny Schmitz, another former Cub, has a record of two and two, trimming the Cardinals and losing to Kansas City and Cincinnati. Tom Ferrick from the Indians has been used mostly as a relief pitcher, working in 12 games and winning one and losing two.

But although the pitching is good Lt. Cochrane complains that the staff hasn't enough depth to keep up his winning record much longer. He had to use every pitcher in the house trying to stop the Yankees.

The strength for the long haul that Lt. Cochrane might lack in pitching, he should be able to find in his hitters. Eight of them are knocking well over .300 and outfielder Joe Grace from the Browns is hitting a fabulous .488 with 60 hits in 123 trips.

Other batting averages, taken at random, show first baseman Johnny Mize from the Giants with .383 and 48 spectacular runs-batted-in in 23 games (at this rate, and figuring over a regular 154-game stretch, Mize would end up with something like 240 RBIs); third baseman Carl Fiore from Scranton with .395; shortstop Ed Pellagrini from the Louisville Colonels with .328; outfielder Glenn McQuillen from the Browns with .320; second baseman Johnny Lucadello from the Browns with .309; outfielder Barney McCosky from the Tigers (recently transferred from naval aviation at Wooster College) with .244; and catcher George Dickey from the White Sox with a pale .162.

From Lt. Cochrane on down, the boys have found that service baseball is a distant cry from the luxurious big leagues. They don't ride Pullmans any more—their last trip was spent standing up in a day coach; Lt. Cochrane, too—and they don't have a hotel telephone operator to wake them in the morning with a gentle reminder that "it's 11 o'clock, sir, and the temperature is 85 degrees." Now they hit the deck at 5 A. M. like any other sailor and put in a full day's work before they report to baseball practice.

Rigney Is Bucking for a Commission

Most of them are company commanders and the best at the station. Joe Grace, for instance, has already won seven roster flags with his boot companies for outstanding marching and expert handling of rifles. Lucadello has bagged two flags and thinks he's about ready to get his third. Harris, Pellagrini, Olsen, Biscan and Schmitz are also company commanders. George Dickey is an antiaircraft instructor, Ferrick is a ship fitter, and Johnny Mize works at the boathouse, teaching recruits how to lower away, man and maneuver small boats.

The only guy with a soft position is Johnny Rigney, the White Sox pitcher and one of the few hold-overs from last year's team. Johnny is not playing this season because he expects his commission to come through any day now. In the meantime, he helps Lt. Cochrane in the athletic office and settles arguments in officer softball games. Last winter Johnny was a company commander, and he says himself he was a tough cookie.

"I had one company with 60 guys from Chicago in it," Johnny recalls. "They always complained how hard I was on them, and finally on the last day of their boot training they told me that after the war they were all coming out to Comiskey Park and throw rocks at me."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THE War Department has decided to send **Sgt. Joe Louis** on a tour of Army camps all over the world, and if Louis has his way he will take his old sparring partner, **Sgt. George Nicholson,** along. There is also a chance that **Cpl. Billy Conn** might meet Louis on the tour. That's one match the the GIs would eat up. But the best suggestion of all comes from Joe Williams of the New York *World-Telegram.* He wants to see **Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey** of the Coast Guard in the same ring with Louis even if it's only for three 2-minute rounds and with big gloves. Williams points out that Dempsey isn't so very happy these days for personal reasons and would jump at such an assignment. . . . The Axis radio at Belgrade, Yugoslavia, has hit on a new system of spreading propaganda to American troops. They are giving the major-league results and sneaking in propaganda between scores.

Now that the Army has rejected **Vern Stephens, Frankie Hayes** and **George McQuinn,** there's strong talk of putting the St. Louis Brownies in quarantine. Stephens, by the way, was ticketed to join the Long Beach (Calif.) Ferry Command team if he had been accepted. . . . At least one Jap on Guadalcanal had a very special reason for getting himself captured. He had been trying since last October to find out who won the World Series. He was surprised when a marine told him the Cards beat the Yankees. . . . We don't believe that even the guys in the British Eighth Army know that their big boss, **Gen. Sir Harold Alexander,** once won the Irish mile championship. . . . **Pee Wee Reese** spent his last furlough from the Norfolk Naval Station at Ebbets Field watching the Dodgers play the Pittsburgh Pirates. When **Rip Sewell** started tossing one of his "arc" pitches, Pee Wee jumped up and yelled, "Lemme at him. Somebody give me a bat." **Dixie Walker** shut him up good and proper. "You'd have to get on a milkin' stool to hit it," Walker laughed.

The service team that may surprise everybody this fall is **Lt. Ray Flaherty's** Naval Battalion gang at Camp Farragut, Idaho. The line-up includes such imposing names as **Ki Aldrich, Bill Young, Billy Jefferson, Bob Sweiger, Ed Justice, Jim Barber,** and **Urban Dodson.** . . . Here's one challenge that Sweden's **Gunder Haegg** won't bother to accept. It comes from **Pvt. David Blair,** a former Dartmouth track star, who wants to run Haegg under the same conditions that he recently won mile championship at Camp Stewart, Ga. Blair ran with GI shoes, pack, rifle, fatigues and under a blistering sun of 100 degrees. His time was amazing: 6 minutes, 31 seconds.

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"WOULD YOU MIND AWFULLY WAITING A MINUTE WHILE I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"THAT'S THE NEW SUBMARINE CREW."
—Leo Salkin PhoM3c, San Diego, Calif.

"NOW REMEMBER—IF YOU RUN ACROSS THE ENEMY, NO STRAFING. JUST FLY STRAIGHT TO YOUR DESTINATION."
—Pvt. Phil Interlandi, Camp Robinson, Ark.

"ALL RIGHT, SIZE IT UP. TALL MEN TO THE FRONT."
—Pfc. D. Lewis, March Field, Calif.

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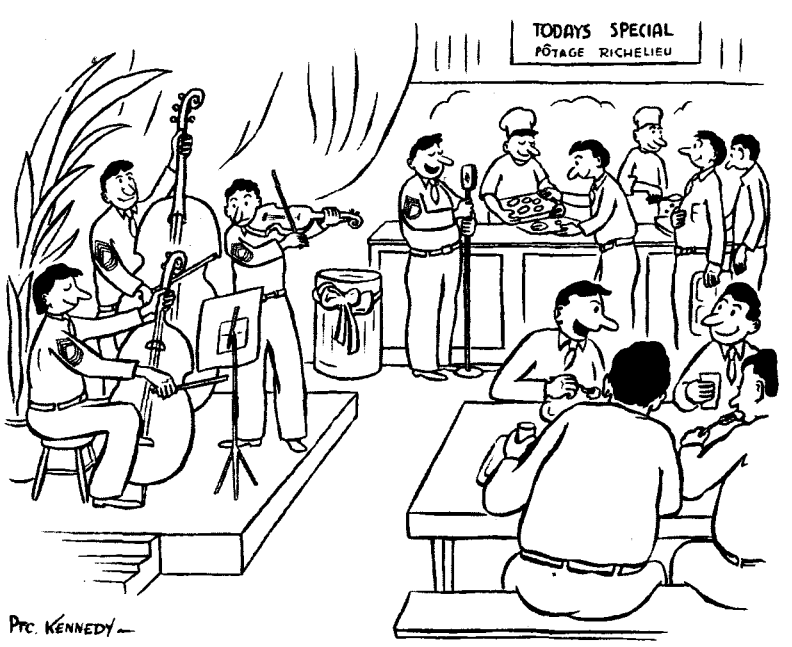

"THE MESS SERGEANT'S AN OLD RITZ-CARLTON MAN."
—Pfc. Hugh Kennedy, San Bernardino, Calif.

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